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If a man have a charge of Children small,
And has but little to maintain them withal,
Let his prayers be still unto the Lord,
Then relief for them he will afford;
And never murmur at your want,
Although sometimes your things be scant,
A contented mind, &c.

Content is a pleasant thing therefore,
And ever daily for the poor,
If a man be brought into straits,
It will relieve him in his troubles;
And make him undismay and fear,
Either our good God can be for thee and me:
A contented mind, &c.

Whatever trouble comes of good,
Let's serve the Lord, and fear him aye;
And keep our hearts both clear and sound,
That no evil may our conscience wound;
And love all men both Rich and Poor,
And be content for evermore:
A contented mind, &c.

If Maids and young men be cross'd in love,
And neither party be unkind,
Let them put their trust in God above,
And he will ease their trouble & mind.

And never give way to fear,
Many has brought themselves unto decay:
A contented mind, &c.

Content the best thing we can find,
If any trouble us for our good,
It will prefer us from all evil,
Subdue the Devil at the worst;
For if our hearts be [illegible]
No evil thing can [illegible]
A contented mind, &c.

That man that lives without content,
And hath his heart [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
A contented mind, &c.

Content will cure a troubled heart,
Content will never let it break,
Content is [illegible]
And he that [illegible]
It's a [illegible]
And a [illegible]
Content it is so rare a thing,

An Antidote of Rare Phyſick.

No Rarer thing that you can find,
To Cure a Diſcontented mind;
A contented mind it is moſt rare,
If you ſerve the Lord and ſtand in fear:
And let no want nor Poverty,
Diſquiet your mind, I tell to ye;
For God hath all things ſtill in ſtore,
If you have content you need no more

The Tune is, No love like a contented mind: or, Phancies Phenix.



If this world is ſo unjuſt,
Men cenſure one another raſh;
Some for Envy in their mind,
Can ſcarce find a friend can ſtab:
A Jove is ſuch flattering every day,
Which many a man ſtand at a bay:
A contented mind it is moſt rare,
If we ſerve the Lord and ſtand in fear.

If a man be poor and have but ſtaff,
He be contemn'd as the leaſt of all;
If he have many Servants at command,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

If ſickneſs comes count that no loſs,
Bear be content then with the Croſs;
If it be Gods will it muſt be ſo,
It's a Bleſſing, pray you ſay ſo:
And remember Job in all his wayes,
He ſorrowes gave God the Praiſe;
A contented mind, &c.

If Job he call in Miſery never fear,
Let not your heart and mind deſpair;
But be content and hope the beſt,
When God ſo pleaſe you ſhall be releas'd:
Poor man riſe for yes the Son of might,
If man do him wrong, God will do him right:
A contented mind it is moſt rare,
If we ſerve the Lord and ſtand in fear.

USE

lnPole,

RAIN.

SE



BRITISH MUSEUM

Fill the Helmet once again,
To the Emperors happy Reign,
And the much wrong'd Duke *Lorrain*,
but when they've beat the Turks home:
Not a Soul the Field will leave,
'Till they do again retrieve,
What the Mounsier does deprive,
and fix him in his Dukedom.

Then will be the Scheme of War,
When such drinking Crowns prepare,
Those that Love, the Mounsiers fear,
their Courage will be shrinking,
Loyal Hearts inspir'd with Work,
Who can form a Better Stock,
The French will never stand the Shock,
for all their Claret Drinking.

Mahomet was a senceless Dog,
A Coffee-drinking brainless Rogue,
The use of the Grape so much
to deny to those above him;
Had he allow'd the Fruits of the
And gave them leave to
Then all this
and Conquer'd all before him.

Coffee makes us serious,
No one can sleep on the Bench,
And their Spare hours more
and all of Business.
Tho' he had Reason of Drunks
All their Power could
Make himself from
Drunk Europe never
Infidels are made
But when Christians Turk
But by the Arts of
For all this Power
Since the Poles help
Of Englands
And if he'll
he's a

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby in West-S

A CARROU

TO THE

Emperour, the Royal K

And the much-wrong'd DUKE *of* LORRA

To a New Tune at the PLAY-HOUSE



BRITISH MUSEUM

K. Top. 1. 1.

45. 6. 32. 156



Another Girl there is also,
as Fierce as any Dragon,
She kindness will unto you shew,
if you call for your Flaggon:
And when your money doth fail short,
she'l say 'tis time to go,
And there you must no longer sport,
for a trick, &c.

Over the way, I dare to say,
if you do think it fit,
There you may have a Girl most brave,
has neither fear nor wit;
From ten pound to a shilling, she
will stoop, though 'tis too low
Her Love I will no longer be,
for a trick, &c.

There is another Dancing School,
that is within the Town,
Of any man chep'l make a fool
when drink gets in his Crown:
But now I think, by Nothing Chunk,
the Sign is pull'd full low,
Then have a care, and come not there,
for a trick, &c.

Another house is in the Town,
that I shall ne'r forget,
There Fortune once on me did frown,
I lost both Coyn and wit;
My head was brought down to the ground,
methought exceeding low,

But I'le come there no more, I swear,
for a trick, &c.

There's more [illegible]
[illegible]
To [illegible]
[illegible]
About [illegible]
[illegible]
I'le [illegible]
for a trick, &c.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

A Farewel to Gravef-end.

Where Noble Seamen ſpend their Coyn,
Why ſhould they be abus'd:
Then let them ſtay from thence away,
where they are ſtrangely us'd.
– Tune of, *Hey Boys up go we.*

BRITISH MUSEUM





4°. G. 20. 145.

The [illegible] Girls of Graves-end Town
[illegible] quite loſt my heart;
[illegible] the Seamen braue,
[illegible] will take their part:
[illegible] and Simple too,
[illegible] pamperes alſo,
[illegible] have forth them to do,
for a trick that I do know.

[illegible] that ever came to town,
[illegible] right Wenche bred,
[illegible] true and conſtant is,
[illegible] them in the Way:

While you have Gold and Silver ſtore,
ſhe'l any whether go,
But now I will truſt her no more,
for a trick that I do know.

There is a bonny handſome Girl,
that Lives beneath the Sun,
A wench that's kind and willing too,
and ready for a run:
She'l walk with you from place to place,
where e're you pleaſe to go,
She'l Kiſs and play, both night and day,
for a trick, &c.



BRITISH MUSEUM

Maid.

KInd young-man I thank you for your good will,
yet poor silly Maidens had need try their skill,
you promise more in an hour then you do in 7 year,
Its hard for to trust any Man I do swear;
They be so false-hearted, and given to lye,
They'be caus'd many a Maiden to weep and to cry.

Its not your cunning baits, nor your nimble tongue
Such words as those has done many Maids wrong
Therefore honest young-man you are not for me,
A good Service is better than a Wife for to be:
I take great delight for to live a Maids life,
There's far greater trouble belongs to a Wife.

Young-man.

Sweet-heart now thou mak'st me to smile in conceit,
Pray hear me a word more I do thee intreat;
If thou wilt but love me as I do love thee,
And joyn now in wedlock my Wife for to be:
There's never a woman in England I swear,
Shall ha' more content then thou shalt have my dear.

Tho' some be false-hearted, and often do swear,
O do not blame all men for one my own dear:
He is worse than a Jew that has a good wife,
And loves her not as dear as he loves his own life:
And let her want nothing that she doth require,
But be loving and faithful unto her desire.

Maid.

Indeed kind Man, I tell you now true,
There's many Men more I say besides you,
That has said and sworn as much as you say,
And have proved knaves to their wives the first day:
That never takes care for one thing or other,
Their wife and their children may starve altogether.

It behoves all Maidens that live single Lives,
How they Marry with Men for to be their Wives,
Some will misuse them both in word and deed,
And use them no better than a Dog in the street,
We see enough every day of it how
How barely they go, and how hard

Man.

Indeed pretty Maiden I do confess
But do not believe to prove so both
My duty and my
Say what shall be done
And grant but my
Nothing shall be wanting

Why then honest
I'm desirous to
you shall be my
And live loving
The young Man
when she how pleased to be

Now to the conclusion, they appointed a
And went to the Church where
Which content of their friends,
They live loving together in
And loving and gallantly they
And a pattern to other true

FINIS.

Printed for

A Match at a Venture : OR,

Time & Opportunity won the day.

Being, A Diſcourſe of wooing between Two Lovers.

The Young-man Courted her with Complements moſt rare,
And all his mind to her he boldly did declare ;
She ſtill held off, aud was ſo ſtiff inclin'd,
And would not quickly let him know her mind :
Until that *Cupid* with his Golden Dart
Had made a wound, and pierc'd her tender heart :
And then ſhe yielded his true Love to be,
They now are Married, and live moſt gallantly.

Tune of, *Jenny come tye my bonny Cravat.*

BRITISH MUSEUM



45.
6. 21.
1509.

I will buy thee Scarfs, & I will buy thee Gloves,
That is fitting for Lovers to give to their loves,
And jewels and braceletes that ſhall be moſt fare,
If thou wilt but be my true love and my dear ;
I am thy true lover, thou'rt be my own dear,
I'le ne'r be falſe to thee thou needeſt not fear.

Or,



Willy's
me.
nny.
dlue: |
nger;
ll
change her;
ize:
ng crying,
ure,
ng,
ay.

Ay! Nanny, pray let the occasion,
why you will your Willy desert,
And if I can make no Evasion,
for ever for ever we'se part:
For Willy was never a Ranger,
nor none can love Nanny more truer,
But Gin she will part for a Stranger,
then *Nanny*'s a fause eyne ise sure.

Nay, Willy may talk for his Pleasure,
but ise may believe what I please,
For Moggy He sure is his Treasure,
and Nanny his oney disease:
How oft have I heard you to praise her,
and say that there none was like to her,
And sware he was happy could please her,
nay *Willy*'s a fause eyne ise sure.

And have I not heard you with Sawney,
discourse, embrace, and to smack,
And seen him to thrust in his Nanney
rough hand down your Lilly white back:
Ye know that I saw those, my dear,
yet I never thought ye unkinder,
This never occasion'd my fear,
for N*anny* was just I was sure.

Ah! pithee dear Willy forgive me,
and ise ne'r be Jealous again,
'Twas oney the Love, you'l believe me,
and ise hate the name of the Swain:
And Willy shall sing
with Willy all alone,
And Nanny shall sing
for *Willy*'s nay fause eyne ise sure.

But the Parson shall make us agree too,
and we'l be of a merry long mind,
Which all our Relations and Friends too,
and the Piper all round shall make glad:
And thou shalt put on thy best Apparel,
and I will put on my best,
For my Wedder will Dress a Bride Favour,
against that thou make to the Church.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby* in *West-Smithfield*.

A New Scotch Ballad
OF
Jealous Nanny: Or
False-hearted WILLY *turn'd True:*
To the Tune of, *Moggies Iealousie.*

BRITISH MUSEUM





MY plaine dear Nanny, my fair eyne,
my pritty sweet Creature, my Love,
tell, what is the matter, my dear eyne,
that Nanny will seem me remove?
And Willy I'le sure ye do guess it,
for alone ye do look so demure,
And tho' ye will never confess it,
yet *Willy's* a faule eyne ise sure.

Ah! Nanny, quo he, be not cruel,
but banish (your Jealousie quite,
For Nanny has always my Jewel,
my joy and my onely delight:

Na mere, quo she, pitcher deus Wil
your flattery never will doune,
Tho' Nanny has bin but too silly,
yet now ye're a faule eyne ifailbee.

So farewel to Willy the Ranger,
for ise never trouble ye mee
Gin Moggies unkind you may roam
for every new face is your fancie:
Ne mere shall your flatting and cry
bring Nanny to stoop to your fuc
Nor pitty ye, tho' ye're a dyeing,
for *Willy's* a faule eyne ise sure.

Ah my Philander dear.
I never more shall see,
What, have I left thee here:
who fled from hence for thee?
& through the shades I went to search
for thee my hearts Delight,
but now I fear,
I left thee here,
I'm come for th'other sight.

The world i'le compass quite,
Philander for to find,
Since I have took this flight,
to ease my troubled mind:
I'le search each corner of the World,
and wander through the Air,
since it is so,
he's not below,
i'le seek to find him there.

My Spirit cannot rest,
til him again I find,
He thinks I dye in jest,
else would not be unkind:
But had he seen my desperate wound,
made with a willing stroak,
he'd then confess
in bitterness,
dispair did it provoke.

Like a true lover then,
he would have followed me,
And overtook agen,
my Spirit that did flee:
But since he is not yet come there,
where I did him expect,
I cannot stay,
but must away
you powers my course direct.

Just as she fled away,
this sound I then did hear,
My lovely Phillis stay,
Philander's drawing near:

The Musick then began agen,
so pleasant to my ear,
I stood amaz'd,
about me gaz'd,
and saw their meeting there.

And in each Lovers breast,
I did perceive a Wound,
My Soul was then oppress,
and I was like to swound:
She opens then her bloody arms,
and him she caught between,
I chid mine eyes,
for telling Lyes,
and thought it was a dream.

Philander art thou come?
did Phillis Spirit say,
Now to Elizium,
with joy let's haste away,
Ah Phillis, 'twas thy great mistake,
caus'd thee to pierce thy breast,
which when I found,
mine I did wound,
with sorrow then oppress.

But since we're met again,
we never more shall part,
To confirm our faith in vain,
we're now beyond all thought:
In folded arms they stood,
with such a Harmony,
no mortal eye,
did ever hear,
but I that was thereby.

They passed to the Shades,
where Lovers constantly,
Their joys are great there more,
than we should ever know,
Where live in love we ever shall,
such love the Gods must have,
as that there is,
for Lovers true,
who never prove a wavering.

Printed for Fa. Wright, F. Clarke W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

A Strange Apparition:

OR,

The ſecond Meeting of two ſelf-murthering Lovers.

Phillis and Phillander.

Miſtaken *Phillis* Kill'd her ſelf, thinking *Philander* Slain; } *Philander* quickly followed her, and now they'r met again.

To the Tune of, *Oh Cruel bloody Fate.*

BRITISH MUSEUM





[illegible] beneath the Shade,
[illegible] Mourning Tree,
[illegible]
[illegible] me;
[illegible] I will hear,
[illegible] Lovers can,
[illegible]
[illegible] meet,
[illegible]

I harkened to his Charms,
and gave attentive ear,
I then could fear no harm,
each minute coſt a tear
From my poor eyes, & then ſuch groans
as ecchoʼd through the Air,
ſuch ſighs ſo ſad,
ſaid one I'm glad,
far worſe then with Diſpair.

45. b. 2. 148.





BRITISH MUSEUM

She'l make me rise out of my Bed
to let another in;
And if I ask the reason why,
a Quarrel doth begin;
She'l haul me up and down the House,
the like you ne'r did see;
I must be silent as a Mouse,
or, hey Boys, slap goes she.

If I but for my breakfast ask,
then doth she laugh and jeer;
Perhaps give me a hard dry crust,
and strong four-shilling Beer;
She tells me that is good enough
for such a Rogue as me;
And if I do but seem to pout,
then, hey Boys, slap goes she.

She oftentimes doth tell me plain,
that I do wear the Horns;
Sure e'ry Man doth this disdain,
and wise men merrily scorns:
But since 'tis my unhappy fate,
how can it helped be?
But if I chance thereat to prate,
then, hey Boys, slap goes she.

The Pots and Dishes I must wash,
and scrape the Irons too;
Nay, and must wash the children's clouts
believe me this is true:
But those that do the Children get,
should have as much as me;

And if I chance to wet my feet,
then, hey Boys, slap goes she.

This is a strange and dismal life,
that I poor Man do lead;
And when I do consider that
it makes my heart to bleed;
But if it goes against the grain,
I must contented be;
If in the least I [illegible]
then, hey Boys, [illegible]

Oh that I were a [illegible]
as I [illegible]
Or if I were [illegible]
I ne'r [illegible]
for I do [illegible]
and to my [illegible]
When she says I [illegible]
then hey Boys, [illegible]

A thousand [illegible]
I ne'r had
Then I am [illegible]
how can it
But once a[illegible]
take Marriage
for 'tis a [illegible]
and get a [illegible]

F [illegible]

Printed for J. Deacon, [illegible]
Guthbert-Street, without

Advice to Batchelors,

OR,

The Married Mans Lamentation.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Take heed you that unmarried are,
how you do make your choice;
But if a good Wife you do find,
'twill make your heart rejoyce.

Tune of, Hey Boys up go we; Busie Fame; Martellus; *or*, Jenny Gin.



L. 45. 29.
1476.

[illegible] that single are,
[illegible] life;
[illegible] full of care,
[illegible] strife;
[illegible] match,
[illegible] lee;
[illegible] Wife
[illegible] agree.

[illegible] among hearts
[illegible] feet,
[illegible] riches:

And I my self too late lament
my Apish foolery;
For if I speak an hasty word,
then, hey Boys, slap goes she.

In the morning up must get,
or else there [illegible] quiet;
[illegible] her tender delicious bit,
or [illegible] love good Dyet;
[illegible] up she be rude?
[illegible] to me?
[illegible] I rise,
then hey Boys, slap goes she.



A Healthy or two we paſs about,
to thoſe we're ſure are Loyal,
But thoſe that otherways we find,
we generouſly deſie all,
And ſo merry, &c.

We give to every man his due,
no Mortal can ſay other,
We live like kind Companions,
and ſtill love one another,
And ſo merry, &c.

Let the Worldlings ſweat and moile
for guilded Clay, we care not,
'Tis all but droſs, we value not,
then ſpend it Boys, and ſpare not
And ſo merry, &c.

Rich Nectar does inflame us,
and makes our thoughts divine,
All ſorrows it does banish,
there's nothing like briſk wine,
And ſo merry, &c.

If we have our Wiſhes,
ſhe ſtill does make us jolly,
'Tis Claret or Canary,
that makes us ſee mens folly,
And ſo merry, &c.

The world it is an Ocean,
wherein all men are Sailing,
Then briſkly drink about Boys,
and let there be no failing,
And ſo merry, &c.

Come fill us t'other Bumper,
we ſee no cauſe to part yet,
Wine is the only Jewel,
that ever charm'd my heart yet,
And ſo merry, &c.

Though fortune it does frown,
we'l ne'r be melancholly,
'Tis vain to grieve for things below,
ſeeing 'tis but a folly,
And ſo merry, &c.

Come fill us t'other Bumper,
let it be full to [illegible],
And he that will not pledge it,
a Whigg he is, or a Traytor,
And ſo merry, &c.

To Charles our King, [illegible]
and to his [illegible]
Come fill it [illegible]
here's to the [illegible]
And ſo merry, &c.

We have the bright [illegible]
there's nothing like [illegible]
Since our Kings [illegible]
'Tis Great he call [illegible]
And ſo merry, &c.

There's none ſo happy [illegible]
on us delights [illegible]
We live from hate [illegible]
more ſafe then [illegible]
And ſo merry we will be,
We will be, will be, will be,
And ſo merry we will be.

FINIS.

Content's a Treaſure;

Or, The Jovial Loyaliſt.

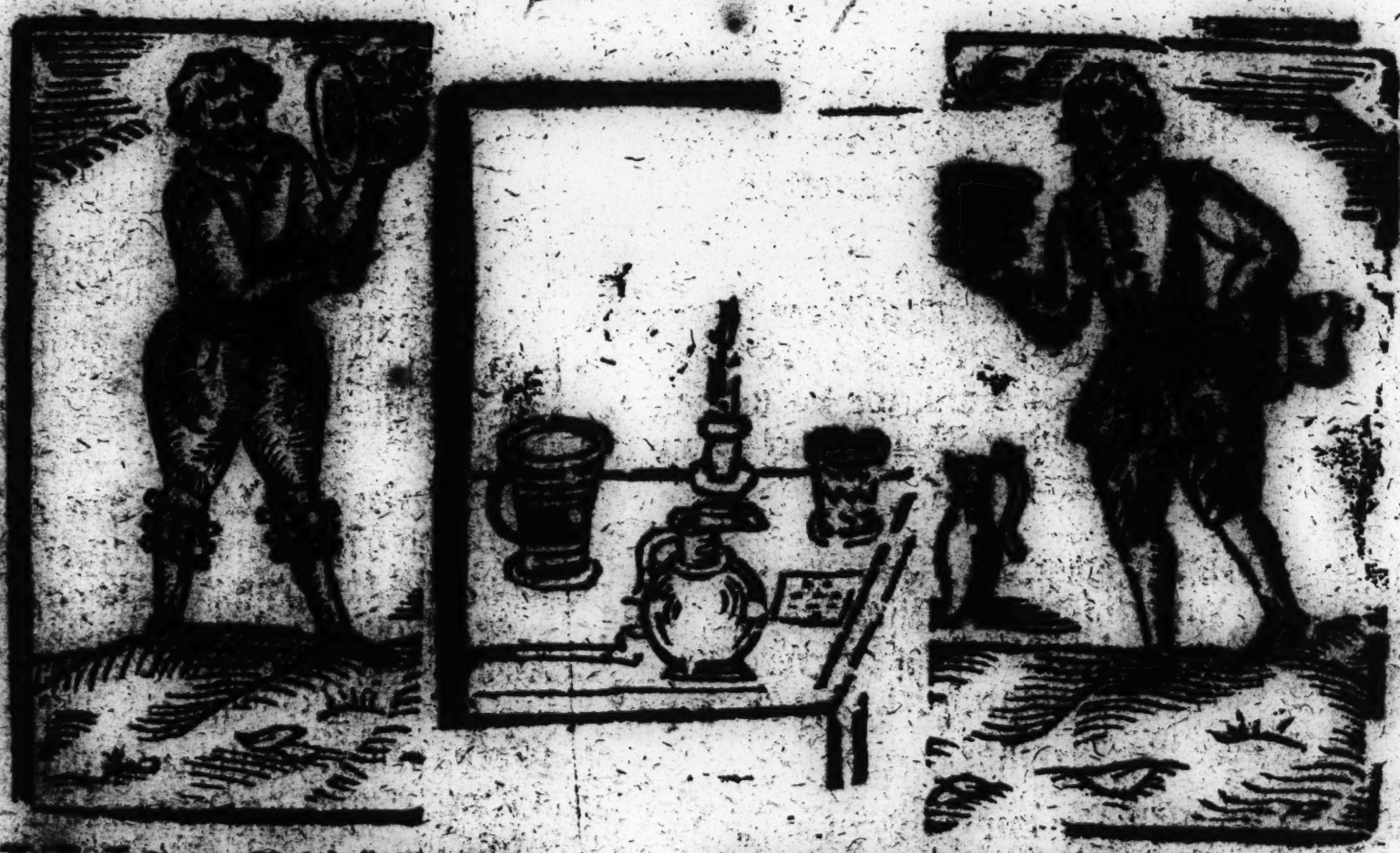
A moſt pleaſant New play-Song, greatly in Requeſt, both at Court and THEATRE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Content's a Treaſure, nothing more can be,
'Tis all that can make happy thee or me;
Content and Loyalty, and harmleſs Mirth,
Are thoſe that give to all our Joys a Birth:
Wine is a charm, 'tis armour-proof and male,
It quicks our Sences, when our Wits do fail;
Keeps us from Cold, and huſhes all our Cares,
And in the midſt of Dangers ſtiffles fears.

To a New Tune of, We are jovial Topers; Or, There was a jovial Begger.

45. b. 28. 198.



WE are Jovial Topers,
that no man evil think,
But ſtudy to be Merry,
and drink off our Drink,
And ſo Merry we will be,
Will be, will be, will be,
And ſo Merry we will be.

No Plots we e're invented,
againſt the Church and State,
But ſtill we keep our Loyalty,
and ſhun all raſh debate,
And ſo Merry, &c.

In ſcarcity and plenty,
we always are content,
We ne'r repine at Providence,
but take what it has ſent,
And ſo Merry, &c.

When the weather's Rainy,
or Cloudy, for to warm us,
Each man turns off his glaſs or two
which never yet could harm us,
And ſo Merry we will be,
Will be, will be, will be,
and ſo merry we will be.

Or,

e.
for to be ſo kind,
part of her mind;
n my life,
Married Wife.
e Valiant Trooper.



t there be,
is one;
ut agree,
oving Man:
for any thing
for Money ſold:
love for a new,
s a Gown of Gold.

l Carriage,
ith her may compare,
joyned in Marriage,
ou art my dear:
ſs my pritty Girl,
for money ſold,

ze we part,
p then off or on,
t my heart,
me but thee alone:
that muſt ſave my life,
ore I'm old,

The Maidens Reply.

INdeed ſweet Sir, I was much to blame,
if I ſhould wrong my Love, I ſay,
I never more ſhould own my name,
for my love to caſt a man away:
I will not tarry, but with you i'le Marry,
chear up my dear love with courage bold,
I'le be your true Love, look for no new Love,
what care we for a Gown of Gold.

True love is better then Gold or Treaſure,
if you to me will but ſay and hold,
A good husband is a Womans pleaſure,
there is no comfort like that I'm told:
I will love thee till the day of death,
and make much of you when you are old,
I'le be your true love, look for no new love,
what care we for a Gown of Gold.

Then the young man he was very pleaſant,
when he heard the Maidens kind reply,
True love is never out of fashion,
with them that ſtedy continue:
Then he kiſt her ſweetly and courteouſly,
and made up the bargain I have told,
He chang'd not his true love, for a new love,
for a Girl that wears a Gown of Gold.

Now to conclude, and make an end,
ſo lovingly they did agree,
He made her his Wife and his bottom friend,
and a gallant couple they were to ſee:
She did not deny him, but for to try him,
it's a cuſtom that all Maids do hold,
He has his old love, he needs no new love,
God ſend her not to prove a Scold.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the ſign of the *Angel* in *Guilt-ſpur-Street*, without *Newgate*.

Cupids Delight ; C

The Two young Lovers noyl'd in love.

This Young-man met his Lover on a Day,
And desired her a while with him to stay;
The Maid was civil, and did not deny,
That she might hear the Young-mans kind reply.

The Young-man desir'd her for to
That he might understand part o
The Maid with honesty, upon my l
Did yield to be his lawful Marrie

The Tune is, If the Door is locked, where I have knocked; Or, The Valia









THere was two Lovers that met together,
all at a place where there was a Well;
And there the Young-man to his Lover,
spoke to the Maiden to try his skill:
Sweet-heart if you will be pleas'd to go
to drink a Pint of Wine, if I may be so bold,
I'le not change my old love for a new,
for a Girl that wears a Gown of Gold.

O little Cupid be thou but friendly,
to help me forward with this my suit;
That my Love to me she may speak kindly,
now we've met together, and I am put to't:
For pretty Peggy, my love is to thee,
if I may speak and be so bold;
I'le not change, &c.

Thou art so neat in every part,
and so beautiful unto my Eye,
My pretty Peg thou hast stoln my heart,
I can keep no other company:
Thou art so fair without compare,
thou art not too young, nor yet too old,
I'le not change, &c.

If e're a Phenix that there
my pretty Peggy she is on
If thou and I can but agr
I'le be to thee a loving
Thou shalt not want for an
that can be got, or for Mo
I'le not change my old love fo
for a Girl that wears a Gow

She is of such a civil Carr
there is but few with he
I long that we were joyne
my little Peggy thou art
Thou shalt wear Silks m
or any thing that's for m
I'le not change, &c.

O pritty Peggy, before we
resolve me quickly then
I am so Love-sick at my h
and none can cure me bu
Thou art the Maid that m
or I shall dye before I'
I'le not change, &c.

All your words cannot deceive me,
for I know you do but flatter,
When your will is gain'd you'l leave me
for to mince upon the matter:
Therefore know, to your Bow,
I will never yield or bend to,
For I find, words are wind,
whatsoever you pretend to.

O my heart will burst in sunder,
if you do not grant some pitty,
Jenny is the worlds great wonder,
of the pregnant, wife, and witty:
Oh my dear, do not fear,
for to you I will be loyal,
If to me, you'l be free,
and but put me to the tryal.

Well quoth Jenny, since [illegible] me,
with the [illegible]
And with [illegible]
from which I can [illegible]
And will prove, [illegible]
if you will [illegible]
And if so, let us go,
for I will no longer [illegible].

Dearest Jenny I confess so,
[illegible]
[illegible]
since you make it [illegible]
[illegible]
one of my dear and only [illegible],
I am [illegible],
better far than [illegible].

Thus at length they [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
they called with [illegible]
So there [illegible]
to the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

BRITISH MUSEUM

Printed for F. Deacon at the Angel in Guiltspur-street.

Coy JENNY,

And Conſtant JEMMY.

OR,

True Love Rewarded with Kindneſs:

A Delightful and pleaſant New Song.

Loves potent power no mortal can withſtand,
Nor ſhun thoſe Shafts ſhot by God Cupids hand;
Jenny reſiſts in vain, for *Jemmy* he,
Began the Onſet, gain'd the Victory.
To a new play-houſe Tune, or, tell me *Jenny* &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM





Tell me Jenny tell me roundly,
When you will your heart ſurrender,
Faith and truth I love thee roundly,
Say, O ſay the laſt September:
Make no long ſtay, nor delay,
Give me thy heart, and here's my hand too,
All that's mine, ſhall be thine,
Love and goods at thy command too.

What have many Words, quoth Jenny,
Have you yearn'd to be true to;
Fie, I think the Devils in ye,
To woo a body ſo as you do:

What d'ye do, let me go,
I cant abide ſuch fooliſh doing;
Get ye gone, Naughty man,
Fye, is this your way of Wooing.

Prithee Jenny don't deſpiſe me,
Since I am thy faithful Lover,
I above the Indies prize thee,
And my mind to thee diſcover;
Take no care, for I ſwear,
Thou ſhalt be my only Jewel;
Grant relief, to my grief,
Prethee heart be not cruel.





BEauty never shall betray me,
nor subdue my disposition,
No nor grief shall near decay me,
I will be my own Physitian;
For my Love, I'le remove,
since my reason doth advise me:
For no more, I'le adore,
Beauty shall not tantalize me.

Jenny thou wast often froward,
when you found my Love United,
You were perish and untoward,
thus refus'd to be delighted;
You intend, we should bend,
counting it to be our Duty:
I reply, I'le deny,
ere to be a slave to Beauty.

Should they be perfum'd and painted,
yet I will not be deluded,
Though they seem for to be Sainted,
yet from me they are excluded;
To prevail, they shall fail,
I will still withstand the motion;
I will be, perfect free,
this shall be my resolution.

Then brave Lads of Royal London,
see what here I have indited,
Maidens they will cry they're undone,
if they find they once are slighted;

They lament, and repent,
that they ever was so cruel:
Then you'l find, they'l be kind,
and will prize you as a Jewel.

Though you love with true affection,
and desire to raise your Honour,
Then observe my kind direction,
do not seem to dote upon her:
If you do, as I'm true,
they will certainly reject you;
With a frown, run you down,
and will not at all respect you.

What I have in brief declared,
let it be your daily practice,
See you don't at all neglect it,
then you'l never fail to find it;
Happily you may live
free from all the [illegible]
Then beware of the snares,
that would' cross your pleasure.
Wine will truly make thee merry,
and will banish all despair,
Fill the [illegible]
give thy heart a chearful Salutation;
For no more I'le adore
neither Jenny, Sue, nor Sarah;
But brave Boys, [illegible]
with a [illegible]

Printed for J. Deacon, *at the Sign of the Angel in* Guiltspur-street, *without* Newgate.

Couragious Jemmy's Reſolution.

OR, An Anſwer to Coy *Jenny*'s Reply.

You Maidens fair of beauty bright,
I pray attend and mind;
You may be Crowned with Delight,
If you are not unkind.

To the Tune of, Jemmy tell me Roundly.





BRITISH MUSEUM

45. 28. 6. 1465.

JENNY when I was moſt Loyal,
you bits ſcornfully deride me,
This is Truth without Denyal,
'Twas your frowns that did divide me;
Since 'tis ſo, farewel go,
for Coy Jenny now believe me:
Beauty fare, thou'rt ſmoke more,
not your frowns ſhall never grieve me.
Many with Wiſdome may be armed,
to ſubdue the heat of folly,
He's a fool that will be Charmed
to hunt Fate of Melancholly;
Though I ſay, Maidens may
give to Young-men ſharp reflection,
Yet be rul'd, ne're be fool'd,
take my Counſel for direction.
Whenſoever they diſcover
that your Love is moſt intire,
Finding you a faithfull Lover,
then they'l baffle your deſire:
Therefore I, them defie,
I will not be thus abuſed;
Love I find, when unkind,
is a Plague to thoſe that uſe it.

throw ;

who was Condemned for
ne Government, &c.



in credit and fame,
honour and shame;
nous hath been,
p my weakness agen:
splendid and brave,
h grief to the Grave.

s past and is gone,
to be thinking upon;
at will now prove my doom
Glory consume:
es for to save,
h grief to the Grave.

But in vain I lament, and my Sentence is past,
And now I am ready to breath out my last:
Be kind blessed Saviour, let me happy be,
That I may live with thee to Eternity:
O that I could now be so happy to save
Poor *Sidney*'s gray hairs with shame from the Grave.

Thus the Pollick Pates that once pleaded for States,
That brought me to this, and my Glory abates;
But now I do find it is all but in vain,
My case to lament, or of sorrow complain:
All you that desire your lives for to save,
Be true, and with Glory you'l go to the Grave.

Ther's some that before me already are gone,
That many had mighty opinions on:
But yet when they looked pale death in the face,
Methoughts I was moved to pitty their case
Yet now the same fate I must certainly have,
And bring, &c.

God prosper and keep our most Soveraign King
And all that from his Royal Veins ever Spring
O let him in Glory still sit in his Throne,
Whose mercy's admired by every one:
but you that endeavour your lives for to save,
be true to your King, never matter the Grave.

Now out of the World I am ready to go,
To bliss or to pain, there is no man knows;
But I hope that my peace I have made made to Heaven,
That with my Creator I ever may dwell:
but you that desire your lives for to save,
be true, &c.

Thrice happy's the man that is Loyal and true
He freely when death comes bids all adieu
He goes to the Grave with such quiet mind
Because he believes he shall rise in the end;
That he will not endeavour his life for to save,
Since Loyalty ever will bloom in the Grave.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Gu[illegible]

Collonel Sidney's Overth

O R,

An account of his Execution upon *Tower-Hill*, on *Friday* the *7th.* of *December*, 1683. who
High-Treason against His Sacred Majesty, for endeavouring the Subversion of the Go

To the Tune of, *Now, now the Fight's done.*

BRITISH MUSEUM





Good People adieu, and fair England farewel,
And you that Survive me pray never Rebell;
Be true to your Prince, who's a Monarch indeed,
Shed not one before that a Subject should bleed:
Be Loyal and true that your lives you may save,
And bring not gray hairs with shame to the Grave.

Poor I that have flourish'd in credi
Now finish my days with dishonou
The name of a Sidney long famous
But is somewhat Eclips'd by my
Then you that desire to live splendi
bring not your gray hairs with grief

Could I but redeem what is past
I would find other thoughts to be
Yea, and strive to reverse what hath
My happiness blast, and my Glory
Then you that desire your lives for
Bring not your gray hairs with grief

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

For too many have we in this Land,
That plays their Game so under hand;
It is hard for all to understand
the full intent they have
To bring us all to grief and woe,
Church-Government to overthrow,
O Lord above thy Mercy shew
to England.

It is hateful Pride and deadly Sin,
Which daily we do all run in,
God doth these judgements on us bring,
as a Warning-piece to all:
Therefore let all good Christians pray,
Unto the Lord both Night and Day,
That he would turn his Wrath away
from England.

What hateful Sin can any name,
Is not in England to our shame,
A daily practice made in same,
yet few doth strive to mend:
If God do not us Mercy shew,
But down his judgements on us throw,
When it is too late we all shall know
our Folly.

So many Sects now in England are,
We all stand need to have a care,
That we be not catcht within the Snare
of that Rebellious Crew:
That would both King and State destroy,
The Church and England to annoy,
But God I hope will turn their joy
to Mourning.

The Innocent blood God would defend,
If we would our sinful Lives amend,
And Night and Day on God attend,
by Prayer we may obtain
What ever we desire to have,
What Tongue can speak or heart can crave,
If we repent we may receive
his Mercy.

The Lord preserve our gracious King,
And rule his heart in every thing,
And at the last to Heaven him bring,
where Glorious Angels be:
The Commonalty to Lord defend,
Convert us Lord our Sins to mend,
That we may make a faithful end,
Amen.

Here followeth the Authors Advice to all true Christians, to desire that these Lines may be no offence unto them, but rather take it as a gentle Admonition not instruct one another too much in these sad times, for we do see Judgement of God will fall upon us, for the Lord hath given us our sinful Lives; by his mercy in staying the hands of those cruel people had an intent to destroy so much Innocent Blood: Which the Lord them: And I desire that we may all desire the Lord to forgive them forgiven, we ought to forgive, remember the Lords Prayer. all axcessary to it; for it is our Sins that hath that man can name, but it is committed in And so I conclude, desiring the Lord of his mercy Lives, and in the conclusion always to say with the Publicane *Amen*.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and

BRITISH MUS

Englands Gentle Admonition:

OR, A Warning-Piece to all Sinners.

From hateful Pride ſee thou thy heart keep clear,
From Covetouſneſs Inſtruct thy Brother dear;
In Innocent Blood be ſure thou have no hand,
The Holy Scriptures the ſame doth us command.

The Tune is, *Poor Toms Progreſs*: Or, *John Dory ſould his ambling Nag for Kick-ſhaws.*

By *Thomas Robins*, a Well-wiſher to the Church of *England*.





GOod People all I pray draw near,
And to theſe Lines a while give ear;
For I purpoſe now to declare
poor Englands Miſery:
And the true cauſe of theſe our Woes,
I unto you will here diſcloſe,
The Lord Conſpect poor Englands Foes
from Envy.

But many are now ſo Wicked grown,
The Scriptures true they will not own;
For Charity is little ſhown
in theſe our Sinful Days:
That the Poor in ſtreets may ſtarve and die,
[illegible] is mounted high,
[illegible] with a blazing Eye,
more pitty.

[illegible] hears ſo great a Cry,
[illegible] to Mercy;
[illegible] cry out and ſay
[illegible]

Both Rich and Poor we all do cry
To thee O Lord, that ſits on High,
Defend us from Blood Tyranny,
in Mercy.

The Goſpel pure O Lord defend,
We have none elſe to ſtand our Friend;
Therefore thy helping hand down ſend,
that it may flouriſh ſtill:
In ſpight of Jew, of Turk or Pope,
O Lord in thee is all our hope,
To let the Goſpel have full Scope
in England.

That neither Pagan, Turk or Jew,
Or any of their Wicked Crew,
Have Power our Kingdom to ſubdue,
but ſtand in our defence:
Forſake us not in our diſtreſs,
But [illegible] our Wickedneſs,
And [illegible] as thou thinks beſt
in Mercy.







Go, go, proud Flora, post away,
make haste and hence begone,
Believe me what I now do say,
my Floods are coming on:
Long time you raign'd in glory here,
while I lay lurking by,
You in your time did Domineer,
so Flora now will I.

Old Winter, prythee stay a while,
be not so harsh to me;
For thou shouldst never take place,
while Leaves are on the Tree.
My Company is more esteem'd
ten thousand times then thine,
For they that once to me are wean'd,
will ne'r with thee combine.

Is this a time to prate to me,
now coming into power?
I'le blast all that belongs to thee,
and will thy joys devour:
I le Freeze thy putry bubling Springs,
that by thee us'd to glide,
And wither all those lovely things
that puff'd thee up in Pride.

I'le take possession of thy Bowers,
wherein thou didst remain;
And make them swim with floating showers,
and mighty Storms of Rain:
Yea, where thou us'dst to Bath thy self,
there Rocks of Ice shall be,
Lovers no more shall joy themselves,
beneath the Myrtle Tree.

Thou Frosty-bearded Winter, I
will tell thee once again,
Thy mighty Floods I'le quickly dry,
and suck up all thy Rain:
I'le thaw the Springs which thou dost freeze
and guild my Plains once more,
I'le cause fresh Leaves upon the Trees,
then thou wilt me adore.

For couldst thou once thy will obtain,
thou wouldst me banish quite,
The world should empty be of grain,
such is thy deadly spight:
No Feasts should then in Europe be,
man's Gallat for to please,
Which makes so many envy thee,
for such like tricks as these.

I know, fair Flora, that thou art
belov'd far more then I,
To speak the truth, 'tis thy desert,
with thee I'le now comply:
Yet must thou give me leave a while,
in Power for to remain,
Then thou shalt come again and smile,
upon thy flowery Plain.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the sign of the Angel in Guilt spur-Street, without Newgate.

FLORA's Departure:

OR,

Summers Pride Abated.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Cold *Winter* with his Icy looks
bids *Flora* to be gone,
And Bath no more in Silver Brooks,
for Froſt is coming on.

The Tune is, *Young Phæon:* Or, *Buſie Fame.*



45. b. 28. 188.

DAme Flora in her rich Array,
to winter now gives room,
Who ſtrips her of her Robes ſo gay,
that had ſuch ſweet Perfume:
He with his Icy Beard comes in,
and looking her upon,
To greet her thus he doth begin,
proud Flora now be gone.

But Flora loath to leave the Streams,
wherein ſhe took delight,
And baniſh'd be from Cynthia's Beams,
but ſlowly took her flight:

Why ſhould I leave the Plains (quoth ſhe)
that once I made ſo fine,
And deeked them moſt gorgeouſly,
why doſt thou call them thine?

Why muſt I leave the warbling Notes
of my beloved Muſe,
That ſtill would ſin within the Woods,
what Tune I did deſire?
Oh! ſtay a while, cold Winter, till
theſe pleaſures all decline,
And when thy Floods the Rivers fill,
my pleaſures ſhe reſign.





The pretty little Lambs lamented,
Seeming to be discontented,
  hearing of her make this moan;
Quoth she my pain I can't contain,
  for all my joys are from me flown.

Ye a thousand times hath kist me,
And as many times has blest me,
  calling me his only joy;
But now I find he proves unkind,
  which doth my comforts quite destroy.

With's sweet language thou didst woe me
And to th comforts didst indue me,
  yet thou provedst most false I see;
Remember now thy former vow,
  which thou didst make in secresie,

I was never found unstable,
Down her Cheeks the tears did trickle,
  and her colour changed,
With complaints, her heart so faint,
  quoth she, I find my Love is fled.

Strephon's Answer to *Flora's* Complaint.

With a sweet watering eye,
Ye did her greet, quoth he my sweet,
  my Love is free from all decay.

Floras I do deatly love thee,
I esteem no one above thee,
  thou shalt have thy hearts delight;
Then here's my hand, do thou command
  and I will serve thee day and night.

Though I [illegible]
Yet I am [illegible]
  my Love [illegible]
Take pain [illegible]
  thou art [illegible]

Floras I [illegible]
I prefer [illegible]
  thou [illegible]
I'll [illegible]
  but [illegible]

Do not think that I [illegible]
I endeavour [illegible]
  [illegible]
  [illegible]
  [illegible]
  [illegible]

On the [illegible]
Strephon [illegible]

Printed for J. [illegible], at the [illegible] Guilt-Spur Street without Newgate.

Flora's lamentable paſſion,

Crown'd with unſpeakable Joy and Comfort.

Flora ſhe did ſore lament, her Spirit did decay ; | *Strephon* fill'd her with content, and caſt all Grief away.

To the Tune of *Tender hearts of* London *City.*

BRITISH MUSEUM





45. 6. 28. 189

Flora's in her Grotte ſhe lyes,
Sighing, panting, thus ſhe cryes,
Strephon thou art fled from me ;
To my Swain I may complain,
for thou haſt prove unjuſt I ſee.

Was ever chaſte and Loyal,
So ill ſucceſsious tryal,

that we ſhould ſeparated be ;
Cupits Dart, hath pierc'd my heart,
alas my joys are fled from me.

Here I ſit in grief aſſicted,
By my love I am rejected,
ſorrows hath compaſt me round ;
Inſulting Death, come ſtop my breath,
and let not grief in me abound.

Whilst like Rockets we rove,
We do immitate Jove,
Both handsome and ugly we plunder,
With drawn trusty Steel,
The streets we do Reel,
Like Cannons with shouts we do thunder:
Our sole joys are Kisses,
Bestow'd by brisk Misses,
We Lavish and wallow in Pleasure,
We detest the dull Fool,
That does moap like an Owl,
whose poor prisoner soul is confined by mea-
Ch. Let Bumpers, *&c.* sure:

We scorn the fools track,
Whilst we Revel in Sack,
And in natures full plenty do lavish,
Our labouring Souls,
We refresh with full Bowls,
Whilst other poor Mortals live slavish:
All the night we do play,
And sleep all the day,
And we know no end of our Morning.
Our full Bowls do weep,
Every each Star asleep,
And with dr wzy bowls we salute the dull
Cho. Let Bumpers, *&c.* (Morning:

Bright jewels we have,
Then why should we crave
The treasuries of the Magull, Boys,
Our Noses do swell,
With pure Carbuncle,
Then why do we sit all so dull Boys?
If the Moon hide her head,
Our Noses so Red,
Directs our light heels as we stagger,
And whilst that we're Drunk
With a brisk bouncing Punk,
Like the young jolly Gods, we look big & do
Cho. Let Bumpers go round, (swagger
Let Bumpers go round,
Whilst thus double armed we stand to our
And the dull Rogue that dare (ground
Bawk his Liquor and spare,
Kick him out,
Kick him out,
Whilst Bumpers go rouud.

To the Play-house we reel,
Then about we do wheel,
And All-a-amode of the brisk Monsieur,
In the midst of the Pit,
Like our selves we do sit,
That is right Bully-rocks of the town sir.
We cringe and then shew,
Shapes Proteus ne'r knew,
And with Volly shots we do thunder:
Glass windows in rage,
We oft do ingage,
And a piping-hot Quean we do hire to lye
Cho. Let Bumpers go round, (under.
Let Bumpers go round,
While thus double armed we stand to our
And the dull Rogue that dare (ground
Bawk his Liquor and spare,
Kick him out,
Kick him out,
Whilst Bumpers go round.

Then oftimes the Watch
As Vectors does catch,
And nabs us in this late Ren'counter,
With Swords and pike staves,
We break the Lowts heads,
And so fye the Cage of the Compter:
Thus like Pyrates o'th town,
We roaur up and down,
And scowre the main Sea of the City,
And he that durst beat
The least Rascal in the street,
Among us Bully-rocks, is presently
Cho. Let Bumpers go round,
Let Bumpers go round,
Whilst thus double armed we stand to our
And the dull Rogue that dare (ground
Bawk his Liquor and spare,
Kick him out,
Kick him out,
Whilst Bumpers go round.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright & J. Clarke.*

Gallantry All-a-Mode:

Or, *The Bully to the Life*

Here Fops & Boiſtrous Bully-Rocks are ſhown,
The Gallant Feats they Practice in the Town;
They paſs their Golden hours away in pleaſure,
Deteſt thoſe doting Fools that live by meaſure.

To a New Play-houſe Tune: *Viz. Let the Traytors Plot on.*





LEt the Cinick Zealots,
Impoſe on Dull Sots,
Run Brethrens Gumbo with falſe Corals,
Let the Dull Bearded Crowd,
Inſult and grow proud,
And Preach up their Wheedling Morals:
Let the Grave Block-heads ſit,
Mutter up all their Wit,
To Poach on the Snivling Sitter;
Whilſt that Stout Sectoys we
Do court, the jolly we
That with ſtrong ſparkling Carbuncle do's
Cho. Let Bumpers go round, (gliſter.
Let Bumpers go round,
Whilſt thus double armed we ſtand to our
And the dull Rogue that dare, (ground,
Bawk his Liquor and ſpare;
Kick him out,
Kick him out,
Whilſt Bumpers go round.

Let the Raſcals declaim,
Shew the gay ſparks their ſhame
Cry down their Paint & their patch-boxes
Let the Black-heads repine
At our brisk ſparkling Wine,
And covet our Goddeſs like Doxes:
Let each whyning dull Rogue,
Fawn, Decoy, and Cologne,
And with to depoſe his old Gown Sir,
Quit all Dyers, turn Bully,
And at length move a Cully,
And like Bullyrocks to go roar about town
Cho. Let Bumpers go round, (Sir:
Let Bumpers go round,
Whilſt thus double armed we ſtand to our
And the dull Rogue that dare, (ground
Bawk his Liquor and ſpare,
Kick him out,
Kick him out
Whilſt Bumpers go round.

BRITISH MUSEUM





Could thou so fairhleſs prove to one
that gave to thee her heart;
Remember but the Oathes thou'ſt ſwoꝛn
that we ſhou'd never part:
You kiſt my hand, and ſquez'd it hard,
and ſwoꝛe and vow'd that I
Should ever you of love debar,
immediately you dye.

But Jemmy when you hear I'm gone,
and that for you I dy'd,
Your conqueſt then will ſoon be done
when once your Charms are try'd:
I'le play to Cupid, tho' he's blind,
that he will ſhute his dart,
And make thee love one that's unkind:
and ſo to break thy heart.

I wiſh the times I ſaw thee firſt
had been my Burial day,
Then I had ne'r had cauſe to curſt,
noꝛ any one to ſay:
Ah Jenny, thou that onſt was thought
the glory of the Plain,
Thus by a fairhleſs Shepherd caught,
and by his falſhood ſlain.

But farewell cruel perjur'd Swain,
foꝛ evermoꝛe adieu;
Unto the gods I will complain
how fairhleſs and untrue,
How much like them that be woꝛſt made
in every part to ſhine;
Yet has his hypocriſie betray'd
and bars his future deſtine.

Be witneſs gods I had no fault
except I lov'd [illegible]
My heart ne'r thought of a change'd,
and that my eyes can tell:
Let all [illegible]
and happineſs [illegible]
For [illegible]
they wander in this Grove.

She had no ſooner ſaid thoſe woꝛds
but down the Downes ſhe fell,
And ſaid, grant me one heavn'ly Lord,
in whom all beauties dwell;
Then ſtanding up a [illegible]
unto the [illegible]
Bear theſe my [illegible]
and then [illegible]

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the Golden Ball [illegible]

JENNY's Lamentation

For the loſs of her JEMMY.

She wa:der'd up and down for Love,
Till ſhe was wearyigrown,
Then ſate down in a ſhady Grove,
and thus ſhe ma:e her moan.

Tune of, Jenny Gin, or Buſie Fame.



6. 45.
6. 28.
1436.

Alace is me! poor harmleſs Swain,
my hopes are quite undone;
for I my love to from me ſlain,
who onſt I thought my own:
Alas! ſhe's gone for evermore
from her true love to him well;
my will his memory adore,
whilſt upon Earth I dwell.



Ah! cruel Swain, that thou ſhou'd prove
ſo periur'd to thy Love,
To make her wander in this Grove,
like to the Turtle Dove,
Who loſing of her Mate, does pine,
and moane it ſelf to death;
So I ſhall murmure to the wind
as long as I have breath.

BRITISH MUSEUM





I envy.

Nay kind Jockey, Ile confeize,
to hear you talk and ramble,
But wep's me, Ile conceive believe,
you [illegible]
Sweet mouth of Love gives the smack,
your Dimmidip to Dermot,
But when were once [illegible] lack,
ah! then they'l [illegible]

Ile cannot think kind Jockey, you
[illegible] every Lass can Dance,
To any one can't be true,
Thumbs the once pierce her Heart;
[illegible]
and [illegible] break your vows,
Wep's me, then Jenny is undone,
and looseth all there'n hany.

Jockey.

Ah! my dear Jenny, think not I,
my love so shallow [illegible]
For if Ile have you nor Ile bye,
ile [illegible] by this gay field;
Ile [illegible] often on your Banks,
to dreams ere tell me many,
Witness ye Woods, whose silver ranks,
in grief have seen me [illegible]

Jenny.

Ahs! could I [illegible] you rest,
Ile willingly [illegible]

Jockey

Printed for J.

Jockey's Lamentation turn'd into Joy:

OR,

JENNY yields at last.

Being a most delightful New Song, greatly in request both in Court and City.

To a Pleasant New Play-house Tune.





BRITISH MUSEUM

All you that Gin, your ears unbuild,
[illegible] tell my pain;
[illegible] against my will,
[illegible] Chain:
[illegible] 45.
[illegible] but, 6. 48.
[illegible] 1570.

[illegible] me, like Winter looks,
[illegible] Brooks,
[illegible] glide soft on,
[illegible] alone.

Oh, none [illegible] so faithful prove,
no lady [illegible];
Yet in spite [illegible] still must smile,
[illegible] are all my foes:
Then Jenny turn [illegible] on me,
O turn thy blushing face;
Let Jockey now some comfort spee,
or else he dies apace.

My flocks they all neglected are,
and wrap in pender Grove;
[illegible] Cooler my pitty fair,
and turn [illegible] love:
Then pytie Jenny be not coy,
thy constant Swain,
Never did harm [illegible],
[illegible]






SInce that thou didst leave me to languish & mourn,
I like the chaste Turtle did wait thy return,
The choicest of company could me not please,
whilest thou wer't in danger beyond the salt seas.
To listen for tydings it was my chief care,
and all for to hear how my Dearest did fare.
But now to my comfort my joyes to advance
My Love he is safely return'd out of *France*.

What maiden in England more happy can be,
now my hearts delight is from dangers set free.
No grief nor no sorrow shall trouble my mind,
provided that thou will be constant and kind,
I'le please thee in all things that lies in my power,
nothing shall be wanting that thou shalt require,
For now to my comfort my joyes to advance
My Love he is safely return'd out of *France*.

And now my own dearest take heart and take hand
for I am resolved to obey thy command;
Therefore speak thy pleasure and utter thy mind,
thou can't not be cruel when I am so kind,
Be sure in thy answer thy love to unfold,
which will be more welcome then silver or gold.
Since now for my comfort my joyes to advance,
My love he is safely returnd out of *France*.

The young Mans kind Answer.

O how it rejoyceth my heart for to hear,
this loving kind welcome from my dearest dear;
No happiness greater could fall to my share,
therefore my true meaning I'le freely declare,
To thee I'le prove constant what ever betide,
and in a short time I will make thee my bride.
The same &c.

For all thy past sorrow thy pain and thy grief,
I now am come above hand the relief,
I'le throw in thy apron of gold pistoles gole,
a hundred gay pieces no more nor no less,
Besides I'le maintain thee [illegible]
no one in the [illegible]
This same [illegible]
Since that I [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Love and Conſtancy

OR

The true Lovers welcome home from France,

Deſcribing of the joy and friendly greeting,
Betwixt two Lovers at their happy meeting,
By cruel Fate long time they were devided,
But to their comfort now they are united,
VVhich makes them to rejoyce beyond expreſſion,
As you may finde by both their own confeſſion.

Tune of, *Digby's* farewel, or the *Tyrant* &c. VVith Allowance.



L5. 6. 28. 144.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Maids part.

COme all loyal Lovers ſo courteous and free.
Come lend your attention and liſten to me,
While I Ladies my heart doth abound at this tide
Now I am in hopes that I ſhall be a bride:
Long time I have waited with patience to ſee
The face of my dearest a pleaſing to me,
And now to my comfort my joyes to advance,
My Love he is ſafely return'd out of France.

Then welcome my dearest my joy and delight,
no more to the Wars ſhalt thou go for to fight,
My arms ſhall ſecure thee from dangers ſo free
thrice welcome my true Love thou art unto me:
Full often I wiſh't joyes ſee thee again,
whilſt I with a faithful heart did remain,
But now for my comfort my joyes to advance,
My Love he is ſafely return'd out of France.



BRITISH MUSEUM



SOuls are free and shou'd not be confin'd to,
Objects which the fancy has no mind to,
When a pretty female I importune?
Shall I lose her for her want of fortune?
'Tis a folly, foolish, and inhumane,
Thus to sell the pleasures of a woman.

More to me the pleasing of my mind is,
Than the far-fetcht wealth of both the Indies,
I've a soul above those drossy treasures,
Love does yield more sweet and lasting pleasures,
Such a joy as nothing can destroy it,
None describe it but they that do injoy it.

Yet the low-soul'd wretch may have his fancy,
I can value nothing but my Nancy:
She that has an eye so black and sprightful,
And a place I name not more delightful?
Such a mine as greater wealth affordeth,
That the wretched worldling ever hoardeth.

Rows of brightest and of shining pearls are,
Not so oriental as my girls are,
Rubies touch her lips, and gain more lustre,
Looking redder when that they have buss'd her,
Yet red cheeks so fair she need not patch it,
There's none but the other cheek can match it:

Then for humour, wit and conversation,
Nothing can be like her in the Nation,
Always lively, airy, brisk and jolly,
Free from studied pride, and Melancholly?
Such she is, and her I love more dearly,
than the dame that has her thousands yearly.

There you cringe and make your best addresses,
But alass she likes not your careless;
Speak and Bow as well as e're you can Sir,
Ten to one if e're you get an answer:
When you're gone the cries a lowsy fellow,
Come to me without his white and yellow,

He that can and will this hag may marry,
But for me the jade is like to tarry;
Let her live till lust and age do grieve her,
Till she call her Money to relieve her;
Pay the covet Husbands without measure,
Always with, but knows not of her pleasure.

Still my girl and I will love each other,
Want of wealth shall ne'r my passion smother:
Were she rich I could not love her better,
Were she poor I would ne'r retreat her:
Whatsoever I have I must confess it,
She deserves, and therefore shall possess it.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Hospital-gate*, in *West-Smithfield*.

Loves better then Gold:

OR, MONEY's an Aſs.

Come hear my Song, it does you all concern,
From it you may your own Misfortunes learn:
And yet 'tis vain, as hereby I ſhall prove,
For want of Money to neglect your Love.
To a New Delightful Tune, much in requeſt at Court.





Why ſhould friends and kindred gravely make thee,
Wrong thy ſelf, and cruelly forſake me,
Be ſtill my deareſt Siſtris, hang relations,
Loves above theſe dull conſiderations;
Let them live and want to heap up treaſure,
Whilſt that thee and I enjoy our pleaſure.

He that ſeeks a Siſtris in a poſition.
Puts himſelf to ule with mann'd extortion:
He muſt be bybb'd to conſolation,
Dot upon his love, 'tis out of faſhion:
Where we like, no matter where th' eſtate is.
'Tis not love except he ſhews it gratis.

How to ſee the Miſer have I wondred,
Weighing out his paſſion by the hundred,
Ne'r conſulting birth or education,
Vertue without wealth's but prophanation:
Be ſhe old or ugly 'tis no matter,
So ſhe is is but rich he'l venture at her.

Joynture is a ſordid lay invention,
Quite beſide our nature and intention:
When we would agree it makes reſiſtance,
Finding tricks to keep us at a diſtance:
Then who poorly makes a new election,
Suffers wealth to Cuckold his affection.



Loves lamentable Tragedy;

BRITISH MUSEUM

When Cruel Lovers prove unkind,
Great ſorrows they procure;
And ſuch ſtrange pains the ſlighted find,
that they cannot endure.

To a Pleaſant New Play-houſe Tune.



London City, with grief and pity, since by love

languish, in pale anguish, too too soon my heart was torn

Come and see me as I'm lying,
Bleeding for your sake and dying,
Yet my Ghost shall trouble you,
When I depart with broken heart,
Then all you're comforts bid adieu.

Then shall never be contented,
But by night and day tormented
Since thou hast so false to me:
Calm living, thus lay crying,





BRITISH MUSEUM

ity.

ity;
disdain;
88.

For to leave her I endeavour,
Then I fall into a Feavour;
burning with a quenchless fire;
But her beauty says 'tis duty,
for to languish in desire.

Then I fly into a passion,
And tare my hair in my vexation,
I curse the day when first I see her;
Then my speech fails, my mind alters,
and straight I cry she is my dear.

'Tis not common for a woman;
For to boast she will no man,
yet I find she often doth;
Oh 'tis pitty one so witty,
shows no favour, knows no truth.

You that are in spight delighted,
Boasting that your lover's slighted,
think not always thus to reign;
When age overtakes ye, love forsakes ye,
you'l be paid for your disdain.

Oh consider whilst you flourish,
That your Lover you should nourish;
not requite him with disdain;

For if you frown, you cast him down,
and turns his pleasures into pain.

And his trouble soon grows double,
Oh 'tis better to be noble,
to shame then a gentle sex,
That may ease me, not displease me,
but my sorrows all beguile.

Then will I in heart rejoice,
Like an Image fram'd in stone,
fearing no disdain to prove,
Then come and cheer me my dear,
like a saluting Lover love.

Spare my life dear, or increase mine,
with sweet language I will please thee,
for to ease my inward grief,
Then for ever I'le endeavour
to forget my former disdain.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the sign of the Angel, in

Loves Unſpeakable Paſſion:
Or, The Youngman's Anſwer to
Tender hearts of London City

Beauty over Love doth triumph,
cauſing Lovers to complain;
But 'tis pitty, one ſo pritty,
ſhould be filled with diſdain
To a pleaſant New Play-Houſe *Tune*. Or, *Tender hearts*, &c.





45. b 28. 487.

I will conceal my paſſion,
[illegible] I am uſed in this faſhion,
By thoſe that are blinking by,
Cauſe both her me and perplex me,
And my comforts doth deſtroy.

O ſorrow me cruel Cupid,
Thou haſt made me dull and ſtupid;
And my ſences are quite loſt:
Here's no reaſon, by a woman,
[illegible] ſurely craft.

I am with her beauty wounded,
In my thoughts I am confounded;
would I had ne'r ſeen her face;
For with deſire, I burn like fire,
and ſhe ne'r pitties this my caſe.

Come and ſeize me death, and eaſe me,
Nothing elſe but ſhe can pleaſe me,
my ſoul I cannot call my own;
She hath won me and undone me,
night and day I ſigh and groan.

…DER;

…f this late mighty Froſt
…. of *February* following.
… ſee,



…t bitter and cold,
… with balls;
… had laid in their
… the poor (like
…b hope at,
…t they ſold 'em out dear
… praiſe God therefore,
… of the Poor.

Poor Travel-men that great charge muſtrain
I needs muſt confeſs they had cauſe to complain
Their hearts was oppreſſed with ſorrow and care;
They walkt up and down, but moſt bleak was the aye
And Charity that was as cold as the wind,
By woful experience ſome hundreds did find;
Then let us be thankful, &c.

On this mighty River they there did invent,
All kind of vain paſtime to reap their content;
They acted all rudeneſs there with one accord,
And little regarded the hand of the Lord:
Many poor Families ſuffered this time,
Whilſt ſome drowned ſorrow in Glaſſes of Wine;
Then let us be thankful, &c.

From Weſtminſter-Hall, to the Temple [illegible]
The River of Thames, 'twas made a [illegible]
For Foot-men and Boat-men, and [illegible]
And many brave Gentlemen in [illegible]
Bear all this great [illegible]
Might make our [illegible]
Then let us be [illegible]

Then during [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
For fear that one [illegible]
Then let us be thankful, &c.

But when the [illegible]
They were forc'd to [illegible]
Of the South and [illegible]
Then were the [illegible]
Some for the [illegible]
Some for the [illegible]
Then let us be thankful, &c.

The Watermen [illegible]
Their Oars and [illegible]
For now you may [illegible]
They pull'd down [illegible]
Then the Doors [illegible]
Be made mighty [illegible]
Then let us be thankful, and praiſe God therefore,
For he in good time heard the cry of the Poor.

FINIS.

Printed for [illegible]

LONDONS WONDE

Being a Deſcription of God's Mercy and Goodneſs, in the breaking of this
which began about the beginning of *December*, 1683. and continued till the 4th. of F

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Rich Men hoardeth up their ſtore as we may plainly ſee,
In hopes to grind and gripe the poor in their Extremity.
To the Tune of *Packingtons Pawnd.*





4°.
b. 28.
1684.

[illegible] ſheep it will plainly appear,
[illegible] ſtore,
[illegible] ſmall number his flock;
[illegible] of ſubſtance, Poor of ſimplicity,
[illegible] ſhall receive there [illegible] penny,
[illegible] us be thankful and praiſe God therefore,

The Poor it buys Sheep moſt likely,
ſuppoſed all people the [illegible]
[illegible] poſſeſſed all poore, and [illegible]
And in their extremity it did [illegible]
They bought 'em in cheap, but [illegible]
Then let us be thankful, and [illegible]
For he in good time [illegible]

Merry Boys of

OR,

The Milk-Maids Merry-Meeting.

When Lads and Lasses take delight,
together for to be;
They pass away the Winter Night,
and live most Merrily.

To the Tune of, *Hey Boys up go we.*



COme, come my roaring ranting Boys,
let's never be cast down,
We'l never mind the Female Toys,
but Loyal be toth' Crown:
We'l never break our hearts with Care,
nor be cast down with fear,
Our bellys then let us prepare,
to drink some Christmas Beer.

Then here's a Health to Charles our King,
throughout the world admir'd,
Let us his great applauses sing,
that we so much desir'd,
And wish amongst us for to Reign,
when Oliver and his
Wer since he's Home return'd again,
come fill some Christmas Beer.

These Soldiers we'l [illegible]
all mirth we will [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

They shall not take them out to dance,
Nay yet in Songs their praise advance
For Love is dead and buried,
And with him all true Love is fled.

All Creatures shall express their own sorrow
The Birds shall drop away with grief,
The Pellican, mans tears shall borrow,
In hope thereby to find some relief,
The Turtle Dove shall lose her Mate,
And pine away disconsolate.
For Love is dead and buried,
And with him all true joy is fled.

Youngmen shall now repent their expences,
Which they on Maids did use to bestow
Who in like manner did seek fair pretences,
That with their sweethearts abroad might go
But those same days are past and gone,
And Maidens now shall stay at home.
For Love is dead and buried,
And with him all true Love is fled.

All the whole World hath cause to be grieved,
For this same News which I do relate,
Which I do think may well be believed,
Since Love you see is grown out of date,
And Riches Money his place doth take,
While he her self both matches make.
For Love is dead, &c.

For Riches Money is grown to such credit,
That she doth rule all things here below,
And who can marry if she be forbid it ?
Since wealth is most esteemed now know ;
The Mother now will sell her daughter,
Although she no content therein finds.
For Love is dead, &c.

For if a Maid her fancy have placed,
By the direction of her own will,
Yet if her parents strange fancies,
By them who seek to crush her love still,
And tho at last it bounds
For lacke of some
For Love is dead, &c.

In ancient times they often did marry,
For love which then was most highly prized,
But now alas, long time they may tarry
If that same other way be not devised,
For Portions now do bear the sway,
And will do more still every day.
For Love is dead, &c.

Well fare those days when Shepheards do
With the young Nymphs to dance on a Green,
Where all their love was kindly requited,
In such true manner as might them be seen,
But these same days will ne're come again,
When Shepheards live thus on the plain.
For Love is dead, &c.

Good Qualities now and Vertuous carriage,
Is nothing without Money beside,
Nay did I ever yet for a Marriage,
Where as a true Lovers knot
For they no sooner
But both of them do
For Love is dead, &c.

For when to marry they
What law unto
And then they
And wish to be
But those which
Shall never
For Love is dead, &c.

Then stops let all
Since there
Or by
For which
For all
That
For Love is dead, &c.

Now to conclude
This
And
For
For Love is dead and buried,
And with him all true joy is fled.

London, Printed for *W. T.* and *W. W.*

Newvs for Youngmen and Maids.

K—

Who now may weep, their joy is fled, For Love is dead and buried.

To a curious New Tune.



4483.

Now fairly I and I hear it is reported,
That Love is dead and in his grave laid,
And she that hath been often times courted,
Shall lay her corpses now with a Maid;
Both Kate, and Nell, with Susan, and Mary,
All sorts of Countrey Lads may tarry,
For Love is dead and buried,
And with him all true joyes are fled.

And she that hath her Suitor refus'd,
Shall with the bad not prov'd so cruel,
And she that hath the time delay'd,
Must be content to dye a Maid.
For with him love is dead and buried,
And with him all true joy is fled.

The Shepherds that do sit on the Mountains
Will all be sorry this News for to hear,
The Nymphs that do resort to the Fountains,
When they do know it, will shed a tear,
For they shall now no Garlands make
Of flowers for their Lover's sake.
For Love is dead and buried,
And with him all true joy is fled.

The country Lads that were full of kindness
To give their Lasses what they did require,
Shall wonder greatly at their own blindness
And leave of all their former desire,





For who would live in Torment,
to be continuall slain;
When flames of love so fervent,
enrage a burning disdain:
When death has power to ease us,
Of all the woes that seize us,
And sorrows that displease us,
so ne'r to grieve again.

No Torture's like to loving,
and not beloved again,
Yet we are oft approving
of such a fatal bane;
By crediting their Vowes,
Their Oaths and their Browes,
Which do but raise our Fires,
to fall heavy upon us.

They only are for pleasure,
our Honours sole Gain,
Tho' let us grieve at leisure,
they'l Laugh when we complain
And will prove more cruel,
By adding of new fuel,
In which they think they do well,
to Martyr us with pain.

Whilst like the Phenix dying,
we in sweet Gums remain,
They triumph in our Dying,
and boast their Trophies gain:

But cruel man 'tis fatal,
Since you my Love inclined,
I will not be upbraided,
for Death [illegible]

O [illegible]

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt-spur-street

OLIMPYA'S Unfortunate Love:

OR

GALLIUS His Treacherous Cruelty.

K. Olympia

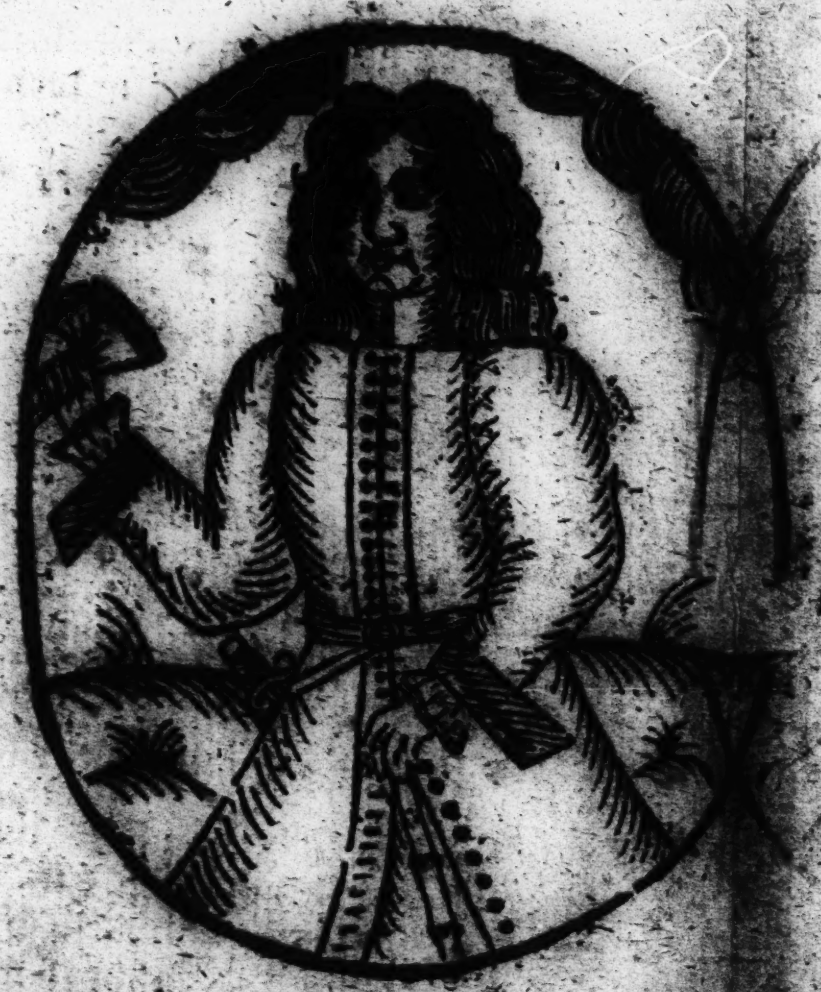
A new Song, as it is Sung in a *Play*, called, The *Spaniſh Fryer*. At the Dukes Theatre, with great applauſe.

Faireſt *Olimpia* at laſt being won,
Did yield to *Gallius*, who has her undone,
Her Honour's loſt, and he does her Neglect
His ends being gain'd he ſhews her no reſpect:
But flies her arms, whilſt that falſe Man ſhe cries,
And in her Blood her fatal Dagger dyes.

To a pleaſant new Play-Houſe Tune.

BRITISH MUSEUM





45. b. 28. 446.

'Tis eaſie to deceive us,
Imagine of your part,
But when we loſe, you leave us,
to mourn for you in vain:
Before we have diſcern'd it,
Ours is the Wiles beſides it,
But ſhe that once has try'd it,
Shall never be a Maid again.

The paſſion part pre…
boys only to obtain
But when the …
the Charmer part …
Your love by our …
Till we have felt …
But dying is a …
when living is a …





She array'd in flower'd silks,
and in costly Laces,
Which a skin as white as milk,
those were sweet imbraces:
She called him her only joy,
and vow'd she'd ne'r deceive him,
As long as he had e're a Groat,
she would never leave him.

Betwixt they were conveyed to bed,
he fell soon a snoring,
Then a trick came in her head,
to fit him for his mocking:
By slight of hand she pick'd his Purse,
and what she found she took it,
She left him all the shot to pay,
like a cunning sharper.

When the morning was appear'd
he'd ab neb e mist her,
And rousing up he turn'd about,
hoping to have kiss'd her:
But when he found that she was gone,
Oh how he then lament'd,
He crept out of his ambrie,
he found his purse contented.

The Drawer he comes up stairs,
with this discourse he brings,
Come pay me down my Shot or else,
or it shall go for your reckoning.
The Drawer was [illegible]
began for to [illegible]
He call'd him [illegible]
and swore [illegible]

The poor distressed Taylor answer'd,
as if he were [illegible]
And then he [illegible]
with crying
Now for her [illegible]
That ever [illegible]
That [illegible]
then [illegible]

The Taylor [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
and [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

Poor Tom the Taylor's

His Lamentation.

Giving an Account how he pickt up a Miſs near the *Maypole* in the *Strand*, and alſo how he handed her to the *Fair*. where he treated her very genereouſly, but according to the old proverb, ſweet meat muſt have ſower ſauce, for while he was ſafe a ſnoring in Bed ſhe very dexterouſly picked his pocket, leaving him to pay the Reckoning without ever a penny in his purſe, This unfortunate diſaſter may well be a warning to all the *Taylors* in or about *London* to forſake their old accuſtomed tricks, ſetting poor *Tom* before them as an example. To the Tune of, *Daniel Cooper*.

BRITISH MUSEUM





Ltt. b. 28. 142.

1. One day Tom Taylor near the Strand;
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible]
4. [illegible]
5. [illegible]
6. [illegible]
7. [illegible]
8. [illegible]

1. When Tommy he did chuce his miſtreſs,
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible]
4. [illegible]
5. [illegible]
6. [illegible]
7. [illegible]
8. [illegible]

BRITISH MUSEUM



Ah! and could he leave me thus
weeping, tye mourning Cælia cryed,
Was't enjoyment wrought my curse
oh! me that e'r had I but dy'd.
Then to'th Elisium shades i'de gone
a spotless Virgin now I'me none,
But to'th woods my woe must sing
till willing death my refcue bring.

Cyp'rus shall o'ze shade my Tomb
while on the blushing grooms I lye,
Where Violets and sweet roses bloom
I care not now for coming nigh,
Since I have lost my Virgin face
by trusting man such my hard fate,
That proves perfidious and unjust
and has to shame betray'd my trust.

Cruel powers why have ye made
Man so Majestick bright and fair,
Alas was't only to invade
poor silly Virgins to insnare,
Undone by their too crafty wiles
Allur'd into loves fatal toiles,
By the soft whispers of their breath
which wound the love sick heart to death.

Like a Serpent that does lye
under a bed of gaudy flowers,
Whose smell and sight inbites the eyes
and ravish'd sence so that no power,
To shun they have but pleasing fraud
they meet their unexpected fate
So men with sweet words deceive
till they have got their ends thereby.

The yielding Virgin to prolong
her constant love the burning fire,
To make her own unhappy story
for constant lovers now are rare.
Words smooth as Oyl are soon to gain
oaths they suspend to salve not,
Yet to ensnare they swear to speak truth
when once enjoy'd is black as night.

Virgins all be warn'd by me
who now must mourn my ill fate,
Oh! trust not your betraying
least love should turn to cruel hate,
Which I have proved to my sorrow
Heart-broken tears for evermore,
At which the sigh'd and left this life
and love and beauty in despair.

Repentance too Late:

Being fair *Celia's* complaint for the loſs of her Virginity.

OR, The wronged Lover finds no cure but Death.

Being a pleaſant new play Song: As it is ſung at the Theater

Fair *Cælia's* kind and truſts too much her Swain,
Who once Enjoying her returns diſdain,
Courts other Virgins and neglects her quite
What love he had is turned now to ſpite.
For which ſhe grieves at her too quick belief
And warns all Virgins by her doleful grief,
How to beware of man whoſe falſe ſurprize,
Had ruin'd her then lies her down and dyes.

To a pleaſant new play houſe Tune called, *Sad as Death:* OR, Parthenia *unto* Cloe *cryed.*





SAd as death at dead of night
the fair complaining *Celia* ſat
But one poor lamp was all her light
by, ſtill thus ſhe reaſon'd with her fate,
why ſeeks man ſuch triumphs gain
and purchaſe ſuch joy that gives us pain,
whereas glory can inſue
a helpleſs Virgin to undoe.

Curs'd the night when curs'd the hour,
when firſt he vow'd her to his Arms
when falſhood firſt betray'd by power
and yielded to unlawful charms.

Dream no more pleaſures paſt
ſince all thy torments are to come,
The ſecret is now be known at laſt
and endleſs ſhame is now thy doom,
The falſe forſworn alaſs is gone
and left thee here to diſpair alone,
Who that hears of Cælia's pain
will never truſt will never truſt a man again.

Eal'ly I believed his vows
and yielded up my honour bright,
For which hard fate no cure allows
but it is never let in night.
Come gentle death and eaſe my grief
yeild poor Cælia ſome relief,
Oh! lock me in thy cold embrace

Farevvel:

other, and the ſubverſion
l, Hang'd, and Quarter'd;
ve of many Spectators.
Reuiſed.



The Second Part, to the ſame Tune.

Sir Thomas Armstrong's Far

Who for High-Treason (conspiring against the Life of the King, and his Royal Brother, a
of the Government ;) was on the 14th. day of *June*, 1684. condemned to be Drawn, Hang
and was accordingly executed at *Tyburn*, on the 20th. of the said Month, in the view of m

Tune of, Digbys *Farewel* : Or, Packingtons *Pound*.





4r. 6. 18. 14

BRITISH MUSEUM





AND when with Strappadoes
sometimes I do meet:
I find little Pain,
if I think on my sweet;
Thus 'twixt Pleasure and Pain,
my time I do spend;
Yet vow to be Constant
unto my Lives end.

No Torture nor Prison
shall make me relent,
Nor live from my Reason,
for my Betty's sake;
I do slight all the Torments
that can me befall,
When I think on my Dear,
and to Constancy call.

But a Renegado,
to make me deny;
He never content me,
whilst I am alive;
But with a Courageous
true Practitioner;
He be true to my Love,
and be constant to her.

Ah Betty, when Boreas
do Rage and do Roar,
For want of thy sight
I am troubled sore;
Whilst others are troubled
with terror and fear;
Yet I am cheer'd up
with the thoughts of my Dear.

No Potion is like
to the want of thy sight;

Which Loves up my heart
to think on Delight;
Though Fortune frown,
therefore am I merry;
Yet still my Love,
doth tarry at my heart.
[illegible]

For the want of my Love,
was worse then a Grave.

FINIS.

Printed for [illegible]
near [illegible]

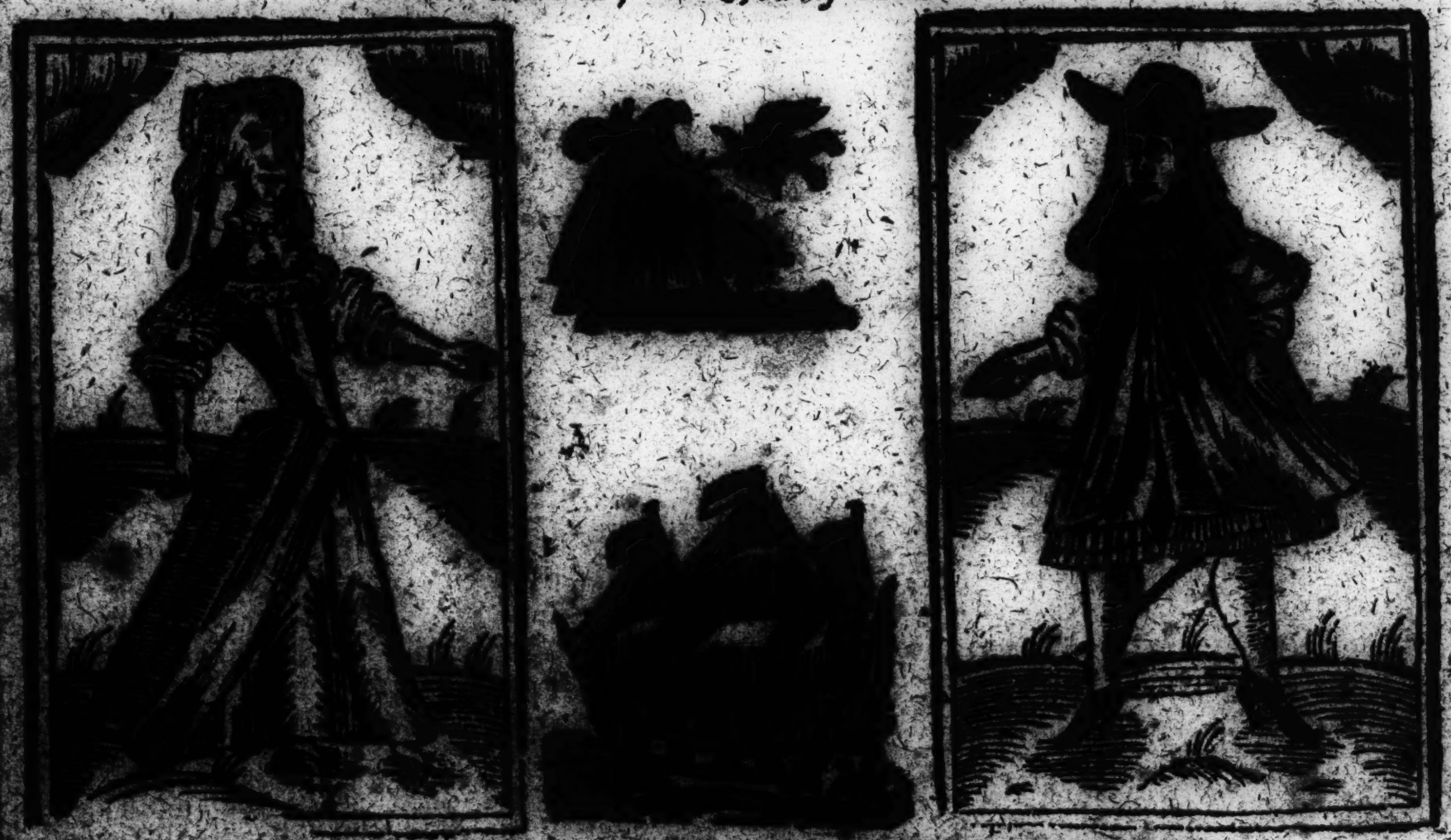
THE Algier Slaves Releaſment:

OR, *The Unchangeable Boat-wain.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

No Priſon like the Jayl of Love,
nor no ſuch torments found;
To thoſe that loyal mean to prove,
whoſe loves are firm and ſound;
This loyal perſon ne'r would change,
like a true Lover he;
Indur'd his Fetters and his Chains,
and *Betty's* Captive be.

To the Tune of, *Awake, Oh my* Cloris.



OF a Conſtant Young Seaman, a Story I'le tell;
That ſo long all true Lovers
will pleaſe very well:
All his try was ſtill, though
ſometimes a Slave;
Yet the want of my Dear,
is far worſe than a Grave,
All the tedious long Night
in cloſe Priſon I lye;
But in Dreams I beheld
my Dear lying by;
In the midſt of my pains,
eyes doth ſtill give me cheer;
That is pleaſant to me,
which ſome call a Diſeaſe.
Sometimes to the Gallies
I'm forced to go;
Though amongſt all my Fellows,
like a Slave I do Row:
And when I am ſpent
with this Labour and Pain;
The thoughts of my Love
doth revive me again.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

I Came unto my Hostis,
and called for liquor apace,
She saw my Money was plenty,
and she smiled in my face:
If I call'd for a Flaggon,
they set two upon the score.
Bad Company, &c.

I ranted night and day,
and I let my Money flye,
While my wife was almost dead with grief
to hear her Children cry:
For they were almost starv'd and pin'd
they wanted food to save,
Bad Company, &c.

At two a Clock i'th morn
I used to come Drunken home,
And if my wife spoke but a word,
I'd kick her about the Room:
And domineer and swear,
and call her Bitch and whore.
Bad Company, &c.

Then I fell sick upon the same,
and lay three months and more,
But never an Alehouse Rogue came,
home to see me poor:
But up pong Bess with my last Remedy,
and stuck to me like Glue.
Bad Company did me undoe,
but I'le do so no more.

When I began to mend a little,
I walkt to take the Air,
And as I went along the Street,
I came by my Landlords Door,
I askt her for a Cup of Beer,
she denyed me like a Whore.
The money that I paid for Beer
but I'le do so no more.

As soon as I got [illegible]
I'le fall to [illegible]
To maintain my
for my
I'le [illegible]
if he be
Bad Company, &c.

And
I'le
And
And
Bad Company, &c.

[illegible]

Bad Company did
but I'le do so

[illegible]

Printed for J. [illegible] at the [illegible]

The Bad Husbands Folly:

OR,

Poverty made known

A man may waſte and ſpend away his ſtore,
But if miſery comes he has no help therefore
This man that brought himſelf unto decay,
Shews other Good-fellows that they go not aſtray.

To the Tune of, *Come hither my own ſweet Dick.*



Would I might be an Example
to all Good fellows here;
Bad Company did me undo,
but I'le, &c.

I had a fair eſtate of Land,
Ten pounds per year,
I ſold and ſpent it in drinking Beer:
my Friends and Kindred could not rule me,
and I am poor,
Bad Company did me undo,
but I'le goe no more,

OAK:

cy:

ed.

e Cloak down,
and crippl'd the Crown.

ie,
out never struck Stroak:
pe,

pull down the Pope:
p to invite,
have brought in the Turk:

Guns,
rons,
, and pull'd down the Organs
oak,
Cloak,
rn'd no a Cloak;
uld not inquire nor Read,
pull'd down the Creed:

er,

Water-Potter;
rd,
ment,
ne's own:
being Cloud,
ver thought disaffected:

rs,
ning
t set up Creife;
Place,

ter pull'd down
ng Cloak down,
and crippl'd the Crown.

In Pulpits it moved,
And was much approved,
For crying out ---- Fight the Lords Battle Beloved;
It bob-tayl'd the Gown,
Put Prelacy down,
It trod on the Mytre to reach at the Crown:
And into the field it an Army did bring,
To aim at the Council but shot at the King:
Then let us endeavour, &c.
It raised up States,
Whole Politick Pates,
Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates:
To Father and Mother,
To Sister and Brother,
It gave a Commission to Kill one another:
It took up Mens Houses at very low rates,
And Plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates:
Then let us endeavour, &c.
This Cloak did proceed
To a Deputable deed,
It made the best Mirror of Majesty bleed:
Though Cloak did not bleed,
We let it on Point,
By stabbing and calling him Tyrant to boot:
For never had come such a Bloody Conceit
If Cloak had not first drawn a Sword to its Breast:
Then let us endeavour, &c.
Though some of them went pence,
By sentential Sentence,
This long Cloak is not meant to forgotten:
But he and his Men,
Twenty Thousand strong ten
Are plotting to do their Cruelties o'eragain:
But let this proud Cloak no Triumphing make,
Or CATCH will prevent him a Scaffold to take:
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
That safely did sever the Head from the Crown:
Let's pray that the King,
And his Parliament
In Sacred and Secular Things may content,
So Righteously form,
And Religiously live,
That Popish and Phanatick Impostors
And as there's one Deity and one Trinity,
One Faith, and one Vogue, in one Kingdom,
Then peace, Truth and plenty our Kingdom
And all popish Plots and their plotters shall

The Ballad of the CLO

Or, The Cloaks Knavery.

To the Tune of, *From Hunger and Cold*: Or, *Packington's Pound.*

BRITISH MUSEUM



Come hang up me in Ballet,
Or hang it in my Wallet,
Or hang it where you please above my Pallet:
Let every man that reads it,
Put it in his Mouth,
And sing me in my Ballad in truth,
For 'tis a true Ballad of booty,
And merrily come forth:
Of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown,
And the Kingdom, and crippl'd the Crown.

45.
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1478.

Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak
That crampt all the Kingdom, and cri
It was a Black Cloak,
In good time be it spoke,
That kill'd many thousands, but ne
With Hatchet and Rope,
The Forlorn Hope,
Did joyn with the Devil to pull do
It set all the Seats in the City to t
And rather then fail, 'twould have
Then let us endeavour, &c.
It seiz'd on the Tower Guns
Those fierce Dem[illegible]gons,
It brought in the Bag-pipes, and
The Pulpits did smoak,
The Churches did Thook,
And all our Religion was turn'd no
It brought in Lap-Elders could no
It set publick Faith up, and pull'd
Then let us endeavour, &c.
This Pious Imposter,
Such turns did foster,
It left us no Penny, no Pater-
It threw to the ground,
Ten Commandments
And set up thrice
It routed the King,
To plunder all
Then let us endeavour, &c.
To blind peoples eyes,
This Cloak
It took
And gave to a Tom Trumpeter

Then let us endeavour to pull the
That cramps all the Kingdom, and



BRITISH MUSEUM

The next harm that we spy'd
I boys, O boys,
Then we to heaven cry'd by,
Down fell our Mainmast head,
Which struck our bodies dead,
in the poor *Benjamin*, O.

Thus we with Seas were tost,
I boys, O boys,
And on the Deep roll, by,
Thus we with Seas were toss'd,
Many a brave man was lost,
in the poor *Benjamin*, O.

The next harm that we had,
I boys O boys,
We had casted be sad, I,
The next harm that we had,
We lost four men from the yard,
in the poor *Benjamin*, O.

Disabled as I name,
I boys, O boys,
We were hove on the Main, I,
For the next harm we had,
We lost our Rudders head,
in the poor *Benjamin*, O.

Then we fell all to Prayer,
I boys, O boys,
The Lord our lives would spare, I,

Then we fell all to Prayer,
And he at last did hear
Us in the *Benjamin*, O.

in the poor *Benjamin*, O.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackeray, T. Passinger

The *Benjamin's* Lamentation for their ſad loſs at Sea, by Storms and Tempeſts.

Being a brief Narrative of one of his Majeſties Ships, called the *Benjamin*, that was drove into Harbour at *Plimouth*, and received no ſmall harm by this Tempeſt. To the Tune of, The poor *Benjamin*.

BRITISH MUSEUM



Come Sailor's bone to Sea,
I boys, O boys,
Come all that company, I,
Come Sailor's bone to Sea,
Come all that company,
To the brave *Benjamin*, O,

Three Days this Ship did bear,
I boys, O boys,
Then were forc'd for Vent'nor, I,
Three Days this Storm did bear,
Then Gunner cries for Chear,
In the brave *Benjamin*, O,

But the ill Storms at Sea,
I boys, O boys,
Forc'd our Masts by the Board, I,
Ill Storms at Sea,
Forc'd our Masts by the Board,
In the brave *Benjamin*, O,

We had more Wind then we could bear
I boys, O boys,
But Ship it would not steer, I,
We had more Wind then we could bear
Our Masts and Sails did tear,
In the poor *Benjamin*, O,

The first Storm that we had,
I boys O boys,
It makes my heart to sad, I,
The first Storm that we had
We lost our fore-mast Head,
O the poor *Benjamin*, O,

The Seas aloud did roar,
I boys, O boys,
We being far from shore, I,
The Seas no favour shewed,
Unto friends nor foes,
O the poor *Benjamin*, O,





And of so many thousand men,
There's very few return'd again,
They met both such an overthrow,
The like before there ne'r did know;
For the Christians did fight
In a Cause that was right,
So great Jehovah did them bless;
The Grand Visier he is slain,
And with ne'r return again,
His mournful army to appease.

These Infidels were insolent,
And nothing could their minds content,
But taunting, said that they were come
To over-run all Christendome:
Much reckoning they did make,
But it prov'd a great mistake,
They rode into their fortune blind,
And it makes them very sick
That their fortune was so bad
To leave Grand Visier here behind.

The Valour of the Polish King
Throughout all Christendome hath rung;
Likewise the brave Duke of Lorain,
Who next the King did lead the Van;
The bold Barbarian Duke
Did there insolence Mate,
And the Elector of great Saxony,

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clark,
W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

The Christian Conquest.

Being an Account of the great overthrow of the Turks before the Imperial City of *Vienna*, in *Germany*, who, by Gods Blessing and the happy Conduct of the King of *Poland*, the Duke of *Lorain*, &c. were totally routed; having lost near One hundred thousand Men in the Field, Sixty thousand Tents, and two Millions of Money in the Grand *Visiers* Tent. &c.

Tune of, *When the King injoys his own again.*



For they beat them back again,
And like brave Christians they did fight,
Their countenance they did right,
Which frighten them to flee,
Although they were inforced to fight.

The valiant King of Poland he
Led on his men courageously,
He that with Trumpet and with Drum
Before the fields they'r come,
The Duke of Lorain
Came prancing o'r the Plain,
And like a noble Heroe fought,
Till fearing the defeat,
They began to retreat,
And at last they put them to the rout.

ow.
n their Work-mens wages.

founded, &c.

By *T. Lanfiere.*



But if it holds weight, then their wages they crave,
We have got no money, and what's that you'd have?
We have Bread and Bacon, and Butter that's good,
With Out-meal and Salt that is wholesome for food;
We have Sope and Candles whereby to give light,
That you may work by them so long as you have sight:
and this is the way, &c.

We will make the Tucker and Shereman understand,
That they with their wages shall never buy Land:
Though heretofore they have been lofty and high,
Yet now we will make them submit humbly:
We will lighten their wages as low as may be,
We will keep them under in every degree:
and this is the way, &c.

When we go to Market our work-men are glad,
But when we come home then we do look sad,
We sit in the corner as if our hearts did ake,
We tell them 'tis not a penny we can take:
We plead poverty before we have need,
And thus we do cosen them most heavenly indeed:
and this is the way, &c.

But if to an Ale-house they Customers be,
Then presently with the Ale-house we agree,
When we come to a reckoning, then we do create
Two-pence on a Shilling, and that we call fair;
By such cunning ways our profits we get,
For it is all Fish that hits come to our Net:
and this is the way, &c.

And thus we do gain all our Wealth and Store,
By many poor men that toyles early and late;
If it were not for those that our labours call down,
We might go and hang our selves presently:
The Tanners, and Tinners, and Colliers also,
With the Spinners that works for Masters for low:
By these peoples labours we fill up our purse, &c.

When hey for the Clothing-trade it goes on brave,
We scorn for to toyl and moyl, nor take pains,
But like Lords we live at home, and take our ease,
We go when we will, and come when we please,
We heave up our hands at Sects and Creeds,
Our conscience and liberty suits us to a hair:
By poor peoples labours we fill up our purse,
Although we do get it with many a curse.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Printed for T. [illegible]

The Clothiers Delight:

OR, The Rich Mens Joy, and the Poor Mens Sorrow.

Wherein is expreſt the craftineſs and ſubtilty of many Clothiers in England, by beating down their W
Combers, Weavers, and Spinners, for little gains,
Doth Earn their money by taking of hard pains.

To the Tune of, *Ienny come tye me*, &c. *Packington's Pound*, Or, *Monk hath confounded*,
With Allowance, *Ro. L'Eſtrange.*

BRITISH MUSEUM





45.
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OF all ſorts of callings that in England be,
There is none that liveth ſo gallant as we;
Our Lording maintains us as brave as a Knight,
We live at our pleaſure, and taketh delight:
We heapeth up riches and treaſure great ſtore,
While poor wretches be gripping and grinding the poor,
And this is a way for to fill up our purſe,
Although we do get it with many a Curſe.

Throughout the whole Kingdom in Country and Town:
There is no danger of our Trade going down,
For the Comber can work with his Comb,
And the Weaver weave in his Loom:
The Spinner and Spinner that ſpins all the year,
We will make them to earn their wages full dear;
and this is the way, &c.

In former ages we us'd to give,
And that our Work-folks like Farmers did live;
But the times are altered, we will make them know,
All for our ſake they bring them all under our Bow:
We will make them to work hard for Six-pence a day,
There's a Penny for you, if they pleaſe they may;
and this is the way, &c.

And firſt for the Combers we will begin
From Eight-groats a ſtone unto Half a Crown
If at all they murmur, and ſay 'tis too
We bid them chuſe whether they will
We'll make them believe that
We care not a pin, though they murmur
and this is the way, &c.

We'll make the poor Weavers work
We'll find fault where's no fault
If Trading grows dead we will
But if it grows good they
We'll tell them that Cloth
We care not whether we buy
and this is the way, &c.

Then next for the Spinners we will
We'll make them ſpin their
When they bring home their
And ſay that their wages will
But if that an Ounce of
Then for to bate
and this is the way, &c.

over.

pply
nd;
ghing dye,
s Round.



my Soul,
flatter,
pale,
me at her:
gred,
king Boy,
ed,
and dearest Joy.

kind,
l,
my mind,
ds be Loyal:
me,
ring breath,
,
grim and pale-fac'd death.

Then let the world on me [illegible]
and blame my fond and helpless passion,
The wavering mind delights in change,
and calls perhaps my flow a rash one:
But let man count me what he pleases,
oh Love is a pain I now delight in,
Nor can be any such Diseases,
as Females angry frowns when they their Love[illegible]
(slig[illegible]

Betwixt my pleasure and my pain,
I am sometimes pleas'd, sometimes tormented,
Though once I did love clear [illegible]
I now therewith am well contented:
And thus I spend my Youthful hours,
in Doting and in fond desires,
But when Loves passion I dispense,
immediately I burn and fry in endless Fire.

Let none dispise the [illegible] Boy,
whose Darts are of [illegible]
And those who Love do count a [illegible]
may loose their freedoms in an hour:
And when they'r once in [illegible]
no sighs can purchase Liberty,
Where Cupids darts [illegible]
his darts that are [illegible]

Yet to be Strangers to his fires,
is altogether hapless counsel,
For he that's [illegible]
to the delights of [illegible]
For if one minute [illegible]
the next [illegible]
Then let no man [illegible]
for 'tis the best of [illegible]

Oh Mortals pattern take by me,
that seem to Love am so tormented,
[illegible]
when I [illegible]
And then my self I'm resolv'd,
I'll [illegible]
Then I [illegible]
I'll [illegible]

FINIS.

Printed for J. Dunton at the Sign of the Raindow [illegible]
[illegible] Fields.

BRITISH [illegible]

The Confined Lov

No Priſon like to *CUPIDS* Goal,
where ſome Confined be,
When Sighs and Tears cannot prevail,
to purchaſe Liberty;

Till tender Females do apply
a Balſom to the Wound;
Some Lovers live, ſome ſighing
and ſo the World goes Roun

To the Tune of, *The Charms of Love.*

BRITISH MUSEUM







A p[illegible] beautiful is her Charming eye,
[illegible] Angel doth enſlave me;

[illegible] bereave me:
[illegible] get free,
[illegible] my Deſire,
[illegible] ſhe,
[illegible] ſtill adds a ſcorching fire.

[illegible] Delight,
[illegible] chained;
[illegible] ſighs,
[illegible] painted;
[illegible] their reſt,
in ſecret I do languiſh for thee;
[illegible] makes me bleſt,
my Silvia I delight my ſelf in none but thee.

Sweet Dreams too often ver my S
when waking I do find they flatte
Methinks I ſee her through a Hale,
and yet by no means can come at
Oh then I ſtorm like one inraged,
and blame that wanton thinking
No ſooner is my heart aſſwaged,
but Silvia is again my Love and De

But ſhould ſhe prove to me unkind,
and give to me a fatal denyal,
No joys on earth could ease my mi
who whilſt I live muſt needs be
No falſhood ſhall be found in me,
whilſt I retain my memorie
But Silvia ſle be true to thee,
until I chance to meet with grim





BRITISH MUSEUM

Iohn.

I love thee *Ioan* with all my heart,
Come quickly content, and we never will part:
My Shirt, my Shirt, and eke my Band,
All I have is at thy command:
Believe me *Ioan*, believe me *Ioan*, I tell thee true,
I cannot now'n's, I cannot come every every day to woo.

Ioan.

In troth my *Iohn* I cannot consent,
To gain your Cow, your shirt, and your Rent;
yet fancying a chink of your lobe,
And holds out I may by coth'n probe:
With a Serving-man, with a Serving-man i'le not do,
who comes, who dares not come every every day to woe.

Iohn.

Oh my *Ioan*, pray say not so,
I'll be your Sute slave, my place i'le forgoe,
Come kiss me my Ioy, and I will be,
[illegible]
My Mother, and Mother i'le bid adieu,
I'le leave him, i'le leave him, every every day to woo.

Ioan.

Oh *Iohn*, be no longer, nor for me,
[illegible]
For I shall never have you 'tis plain,
you offer to come, but all in vain,
Cease you clown, cease you clown, it will not doe,
tho' you come, tho' you come, every every day to woe.

Iohn.

Then per mage my *Ioany* I pabe,
Oh think not my [illegible] a flabe;
I was first born I [illegible],
My father left me [illegible] a year:
Believe me *Ioan*, believe me *Ioan*, I tell you true,
I will come, I will come, every every day to woe.

Printed for P. Brooksby, [illegible]

The Country-mans delight:

Or, *The Happy Wooing:*

Being the Succelsful Loves of

JOHN the SERIVNG-MAN,

In his Courting of

JOAN the DAIRY-MAID.

John's humble ſuit Joan *does long time withſtand,*
Till his known Wealth her favour does command;
Then muſtering all her Smiles, to him ſhe bends,
And to the bargain ſtraight ſhe condeſcends:
Now no Objection can retard her Love,
If not of him, ſhe does his Wealth approve;
So women for baſe Gold their Beauty ſell,
To whom ſo e're bids moſt, that curſed ſpell,
Fix'd deep into their Souls, commands them ſtill,
And guider the Reins of their tempeſtous will.

To a New Play-houſe Tune:

Dolly and Molly.





John.

Quoth John to Joan wilt thou have me?
Sweet Sir, no to ſuch as thou. I'le marry with thee
When Cows have Calves, Dogs Bowſe and Kents,
When Lambs eate Beef Pudding:
Then ſay my Joan, ſay my Joan, what wilt thou do?
I cannot, I cannot come every every day to woo.

When Cats eate Fat in a Barn hard by,
When Mice run Dogs in a Bag;
When Crabs are caught in a Dish,
When Cats eate Fish,
When Sows wear Shooes on their back:
Then ſay my Joan, ſay my Joan, what wilt thou do?
I cannot, I cannot come every every day to woo.

When Hens lay Eggs in a Bag,
When Cats eate Fat in a Dish,
When Sows wear Shooes on their back,
When Mice run Dogs in a Bag:
Then ſay my Joan, ſay my Joan, what wilt thou do?
I cannot, I cannot come every every day to woo.

Joan.

Quoth Joan to John you muſt not come,
For your Mother and Sisters are both at home;
You are a Servant and muſt obey,
Else they'l be angry, and turn you away:
Say my Joan, ſay my Joan, is this not true? (wooe.
You muſt not, you muſt not come every every day to

WE Boyes are truly Loyal,
for Charles we'l venture all,
We know his blood is Royal,
his Name shall never fall.
But those that seek his ruine
may chance to dye before him,
While we that Sack are wooing,
for ever will adore him;
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen,
a Brimmer to the *KING*,

I hate those strange dissenters
that strives to hawk a glass,
Ye that at all Adventures
will see what comes to pass:
And let the Popish faction
disturb us if they can,
They ne'r shall have distraction
in a true hearted man.
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen,
a Brimmer to the *KING*.

Let the Phanaticks grumble
to see things trade their minds,
We'l make them not [illegible]
or raise them of their pins:
They shall wink short with too
or else they shall be thorn'd,

We'l tell 'um 'tis in vain
for us to be prevoh'd.
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen,
a Brimmer to the *KING*.

[illegible]

Printed for *P. Brooksby* at the [illegible]

THE

Courtiers Health;

OR

The merry BOYES of the

TIMES

He that loves Sack, *doth nothing lack,*
If he but Loyal be,
He that denyes Bacchus *supplyes*
Shows meere Hypocrisie.

To a new Tune, *Come Boyes fill us a Bumper, Or My Lodging is on the Cold ground.*



Here she stands and fills it out amain,



Says they let's have the 'tother Bout again.

Come Boyes fill us a Bumper,
and make the Glasses sparkle,
we'l quaff till all
that Cloud us shall
give us Phansies rare and quaint,
then shall fly our Mind,
and Thoughts fair mistresse 'mong,
and think of the Guineas gone.
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogshead in,
we'l begin with a Tallen
a brimmer to the KING.

Round arround, fill a fresh one,
let no man baulk his Wine,
We'l drink to the next in Succession,
and keep it in the Right Line.
Bring us ten thousand glasses,
the more we drink we're a dry,
We mind not the beautiful Ladies
whose Conquest lyes all in the eye.
Charge the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogshead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a brimmer to the KING

BRITISH MUSEUM

4. 6. 28
1435.

The Contented Innocence of a Shepherds Imployment.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A New Pastoral to the Tune of

To a Pleasant New Tune.



HAppy is the Country Life,
Blest with Content, and Health & Ease,
from Court Faction, Strife, and Strife,
we make Plot our Fathers to please:
Pure in mind, the days Delight,
And Loves our welcome Dream at night.

Hail green Fields and Shady Woods,
hail Springs & Streams that still run pure.
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
where Vertue only is Secure:
Free from Vice and free from Care,
No age nor pain, nor Youth nor Image.

Hail to the peaceful Shepherds life,
hail to each happy Rural [illegible]
That lives secure with the Ale Muse,
below Contempt above Disdain:
No storms of Fortune e'er can break
Those Marriage Vows their Loves did make.

In Cooler Shades, e'th heat o'th day,
we set our harmless Flocks to Bite,
Beneath we lay our Lambkins play,
and treat our Fathers with perfect Love.

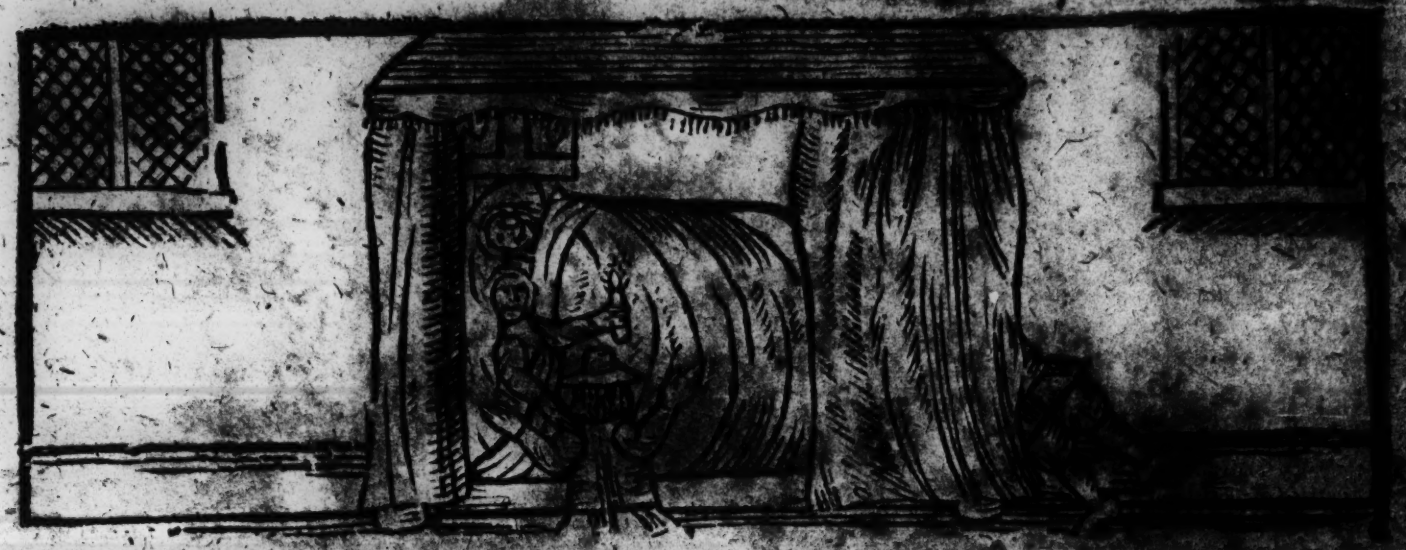
A Pipe, the Swains only [illegible]
Whilst mutual Ecstasies [illegible]

When a'ye the flowery [illegible]
to some refreshing purling Springs.
Sea innocent is all our talk,
the Birds who warble as we walk to sing:
[illegible] to Bush, and Beech to Beech,
They follow us where e'er we go.

Sometimes within the Silver Brook,
we play the subtle Angleres part,
And with a [illegible]
the Watry Citizens intrap:
Sometimes our Nets in Season play,
Makes little Rabbits their prey.

We [illegible] our Fathers Hearts,
and ere the Sun has left the Spear,
A [illegible] prepar'd,
of [illegible] Country fare:
And then to Bed we warm in store,
while Angels secure from anxious harm.

FINIS.



As they in sweet [illegible]
I chanced [illegible]
And spi'd the Game which they did play
for which my [illegible]
She told me she was [illegible]
and thus she did beg[in].
With [illegible] more
'cause he [illegible]

I will[illegible]
and [illegible] shew;
She [illegible]
and know not what to do?
Dear Love [illegible]
my pain [illegible]
Little [illegible]
to [illegible]

Away went I most willingly
[illegible]
A pair [illegible]
which [illegible]
In the [illegible]
thinking [illegible]
A Coyal [illegible]
not thinking [illegible]

A Coyal [illegible]
then thus I [illegible]
As [illegible]
[illegible]

To morrow I will come [illegible]
my Pocket I felt in
And there behold was [illegible]
the Youngster [illegible]

The [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

The Debtford Frolick,

OR,

A Hue-and-Cry after *Shag-Breeches*

Young women all, both great and ſmall,
That handleth Pot or Paile;
For ſome I hear, and greatly fear,
Do oft play with their Tayl.

Tune of, *the fair one let me in.*











No sooner this Loves God,
heard the proud Nymph proclaim,
But from his high aboad,
as swift as Lightning came:
And from his Quiver drew a Shaft,
pointed with strong Desire;
Which in her Breast,
He did fix so fast,
as kindl'd there Loves fire.

At which she starting, cry'd,
ah me! what change is this,
I'm like a Phœnix try'd,
yet know not what to wish:
Ah! pitty, now, Loves God she sigh'd,
I have Rebellious been;
Unto thy Power,
Which I now must adore,
and bow before Loves Queen.

Stay gentle Cupid heal
the wound that thou hast made,
My weakness I'le reveal,
the Love-sick Nymph then said:
Then from her Breast a Burning sigh,
she breath'd and blush'd for shame,
To be o're-power'd
Whom lately tower'd,
in triumph o're Loves flame.

Then from her bright eyes fell,
a showre of Christial tears,
Alas! must I now dwell,
she cry'd, amidst these Cares:
Ah me! to Love, and know not whom,
possess'd with strange Desires,
While my Delight,
Has all taken flight,
Sweet Cupid quench these fires.

Send me a Lover now,
to ease my cruel smart.
Level thy Conquering Bow,
at some kind Youth, whose heart
Apply'd to mine, may take away
the Fever that has seiz'd:
That so my pain,
May no longer remain,
but I may find some ease.

Too fierce, too fierce-wing God,
thy Arrows do consume,
And with fresh wounds is load,
till more can find no room:
Sweet Venus pitty now, she cry'd,
I yield unto thy might;
Nor can I bear,
Chastizements severe,
oh wreck not thus thy spight.

My Crime I now confess,
and lay ambition down,
No more shall Pride possess,
my Beauty I disown:
Come then kind Youth who e're thou art
for whom unknown I burn,
That I in thee,
Now may happy be,
before I Ashes turn.

Virgins take warning now,
(she sigh'd) and be not proud,
But kindness still allow,
when Love to you is vow'd:
Oh! set not by your gaudy Bloom,
lest Cupids anger rise,
And then like me,
Will such Beauties be,
his Flaming sacrifice.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Printed for J. Jordan, at the Angel, in Guilt-spur Street.

The Diſdainful Virgin led Captive:

OR,

Cupid's Triumph over Pride:

BEING

Roſilinda's Warning-piece to all ambitious Females; or,
Self-admiring Laſſes.

A moſt Delightful New Play Song:

Fair *Roſilinda* Lovers does diſdain,
Till Cupids Shaft does wound her with loves pain;
A Feavor then does ſeize on every part,
And makes a Conqueſt o're her ſtubborn heart:
While ſhe confeſſes, and for pardon ſues,
Who late diſdain'd, now moſt ſubmiſſive wooes:
So powerful is Loves Scepter, ſuch command
It claims, that none againſt its force can ſtand.

To a New play-houſe Tune, Viz. *Ah cruel Bloody Fate, &c.*





BRight as the Noon-day Sun,
the Nymph ſhe ſat a while,
Then then ſhe thus begun,
with that a pleating Smile,
Diſplay'd the Beauties of her Face,
as when the Morning Light,
Does guild the Skies,
[illegible]

Alas how am I Waged,
what Conqueſts do I gain!
She cry'd, by Love purſu'd,
while Lovers ſuffer pain:
Yet I am Coy and will not yield,
unto Loves powerful Dart,
But do prevail,
'Gainſt all that aſſail,
[illegible]

4°.
6. 28
1470





BRITISH MUSEUM

In my eyes thou art a jewel,
far more precious then pure Gold,
If thou doſt to me prove cruel,
my warm blood will ſoon be cold :
Then ſhall I, aſſuredly,
be lai'd into my ſilent grave,
'Tis you that can, preſerve a man,
then kill me not whom you can ſave.

What is in my lines aſſerted,
nothing is but perfect truth,
Never ſhall be contraverted,
pray believe a faithfull youth :
And if I lye, I wiſh to dye,
then never doubt what I do ſpeak,
For if you do, you'l find it true.
that for your love my heart will break.

The Maids kind Anſwer.

I Would put it to the tryal,
if I thought your Love were pure,
And you would be true and Loyal,
falſeneſs I cannot indure,
But yet indeed my heart doth bleed,
to hear you make ſuch ſad complaint
And now I find, I am inclind,
to love you by a mean conſtraint.

When what Love you have profeſſed,
and declared unto me,
Be but true 'twill make you bleſſed,
all your life you'l happy be,
But yet my fear, begets a care,
by me cannot well be expreſt,
Be true to me, and thou ſhalt ſee,
I'le take a Lodging in thy breaſt.

And we quickly will be marry'd,
to compleat true Lovers bliſs,
There ſhall nothing be miſcarry'd,
come wee'l bind it with a kiſs :
Imbraces then, they chang'd agen,
and more and more both proved kind,
So they at laſt, were linked faſt,
you Lovers all my ditty mind.

You that oft make great pretences,
if you prove not juſt and true,
You will find the great offences,
will imputed be to you :
But you'l be bleſt, and live at reſt,
and when you dye depart in peace,
While ſome that prove, unjuſt in Love,
ſhall meet with pains that never ceaſe.

Then let me in Love adviſe you,
to be conſtant unto death,
For you know death will ſurpriſe you,
and will ſtop each mortals breath :
Then live and be, from dangers free,
entail a Bleſſing while you may,
Beſure you prove, ſo ſure in Love,
'tmay be your own another day.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Harp near the Bare-Tavern in Pye-Corner.

The Doubting Virgins Satisfaction:
OR,
The Maids Anſwer.

She who was poſſeſt with fear,
is now eas'd of her Doubt;
And ſhe her Sweet-heart loves ſo dear,
ſhe can't live him without.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Tune of, The Repriev'd Captive; Or, The doubting Virgin.





DEareſt know I do not ſlight thee,
for my Love is firm and true,
My deſire is to delight thee,
I'le be conſtant unto you:
Do not fear me, Love, but hear me,
and believe my conſtancy.
In me put truſt, I will be juſt,
I ſcorn to tell my Love a lye.

Young men may be deceitful,
but do not blame all for a few,
To be falſe to me is hateful,
you ſhall not find me untrue:
But I will ſtrive whilſt I'm alive,
to imitate the conſtant dove,
Thou ſhalt find me ever kind,
to thee my joy and deareſt Love.

It would be to me a wonder,
if that thee and I ſhould part,
And would ſurely break in ſunder,
the tender ſtrings of my poor heart:
But I deſire, to admire,
the radiant beams of thy fair eye;
Which pierce my breaſt, & ſpoyl my reſt,
O grant me Love or elſe I dye.





BRITISH MUS

THou art she whom I love dearly,
what can any man say more?
This is my mind I speak it freely,
I never said so much before,
Then sweet believe me, for it did grieve me
to hear the moan my love did make,
My dearest Love I'le prove my praise,
or believe no man for my sake.

The Maids Answer.

My dear, what can there be exposed,
whilst that we on earth do dwell?
Yet not true love be neglected,
then will every thing do well:
This my speeches, though but few
my sweet heart I you tell
For all money, my dear honey,
true love is the best of all.

Suppose that we had all the treasure,
that's in England to be seen
Or that we had all the pleasure
that belongeth to a Queen;
Observe my speeches, I mean the riches
that upon some men do fall,
For all their pleasure, and their treasure,
true love is the best of all,

The Man.

Why do you use such expression,
unto me who am your slave,

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball
in Pye-corner.

The Doubting Virgin,

AND

The Constant Young-man.

Obſerve what here is put in Print,
All you that do love merriment;
Tuneof, *The Repriev'd Captive.*

It's for Young-men and Maids alſo
Stay and hear't o're before you go.
By *Tobias Bowne.*

BRITISH MUSEUM



45. 6. 28. 145.

O my deareſt be not ſlight me,
for my love to thee is true;
There is none that can right me,
Never change me for a new,
You intangle me, and delude me,
I think you cannot it deny:
Now you leave me and deceive me,
but can ſhow no reaſon why.

I wonder young-men are ſo croſsful,
ſince Virgins are ſo full of love?
That makes them to be ſo baſhful;
thinking you Young-men will prove,
But if in proving, they were loving,
as they formerly pretend;
Then how neatly and completly,
ſhould we live till life doth end.

The Mans Anſwer.

Oh my Dear, why doſt thou doubt me,
that to thee I'll prove unkind,
I think my ſelf not well without thee,
thou art always in my mind;
If I do leave thee, or deceive thee,
then I wiſh nothing may thrive,
Nor let never, my endeavour,
proſper whilſt I am alive.





[illegible] Could do,
[illegible] may be,
[illegible] young, young,
[illegible] magic,
[illegible] delight,
Was black, and alas, she
was dumb, dumb, dumb.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Dumb Maid:

OR,

The Young Gallant trappan'd.

A Young Man did unto her a Wooing come,
But she pretended much that she was Dumb;
But when they both in Marriage-bands were ty'd,
The Doctors Skill was likewise with her try'd:

The Doctor he ſet her Tongue on the Rin,
She Chatters now, and never will have done.
To a new tune call'd, *Dum, dum, dum.*
OR, *I would I were in my own Country.*



45. h. 28.
1506.

ALL you that paſs along,
Come lend unto my Song,
Concerning a Maid,
that was young, young, young:
Almoſt a fifteen part,
with her angelic compare,
But alack, and alas, ſhe
was Dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was neat in every part,
And ſhe ſtole away his heart;
But alack, and alas, ſhe
was dumb, dumb, dumb.

At length this Country Blade,
[illegible]
[illegible]
per hours, hours, hours:
[illegible]
Unto his Parents home,
But a lack, and alas, ſhe
was dumb, dumb, dumb.

LOVERS

BRITISH MUSEUM

The second part, To the same tune.

My Golden hair I rent and tear
like one outragious mad,
Cupid say I, I thee defie
thou wicked wanton Lad.

A minute then scarce past agen
e're I do him implore,
Cupid say I, thy deity
I ever will adore.

Thus do I pass my dayes alas
and can no pleasure find,
I sigh and cry continually
he's cruel and unkind.

Twice in a breath I wish for death,
such torments I endure,
Except he's kind I ne'r shall find,
nor hope to get a cure.

Then down I lye in hopes to dye,
ere thus I see again,
But thoughts of him bringes life again
and thus prolonges my pain.

Both cur'd and kill'd, slave thou e spills
all in a moment life,
From heavy cares he again frees me,
only one poor smile and kiss,

Thus do I burn I fret and burn
in a most strange extream,
No Doctor here can cure my heart
except he pour Hippocrass.

But hopes of this must be fought
and I must to the grove,
Come Darkness, veil and fog my eyes
that I have cast my love.

Printed for P. Cole. T. Vere. J. Wright.
J. Clark. W. Thackery & T. Passenger.



of Young Phaon.

...there I weep I mourn and wayp
... I am almost undone,
...ere he's gone from me,
...nity can be found.

...sing dreams methinks he seems
...ll time to me,
... I make this great mistake
...forces certainly.

The Dying Lo

Complaint.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Daphne laments cause Strephon is unkind,
Wanting his love no comfort he can find,
And missing that which she desires to have,
Poor Daphne sighs her selfe into the Grave.

Tune of Ro



I Languish, unkind my cruel one
has me forsaken quite,
He is the man, in whom I can
take pleasure and delight.

But he's unkind and now I find
my object is almost spun,
Here I lament in discontent
alack I live quite undone.

45
6. 28.
1695.

Whilst others re
in tears I am a
When silent ni
No comfort can

In slumbring dream
to be still kind
But when I wak
brings sorrow



BRITISH MUSEUM

And at his parting showres of tears,
came trickling from their eyes,
She was possest with deadly fears
and doubt did her surprize:
Least he should ne'e return again,
to Crown her Nuptial day,
And as she sadly did complain,
thus he to her did say.

Cease, cease, my dear do not complain,
I'le faithful be to you,
And let me perish on the main,
Ife're I prove untrue:
And with a thousand Kisses I,
my faithful promise seal,
Whilst the pretious tears from his eye,
a trickling tear to steal.

Be ye faithful I observ'd her could,
In this time I could be found,
Sure that head made of Beauties mould,
in Heroick did abound:
And down upon her bended knee,
this lovely Nymph he did,
Pray'd for his prosperity,
with his return and all.

But this to her was still unknown,
in vain did she expect,
Her true and faithful Lover home,
whom she did so affect,
But oft to Dundree hill she went,
to see ships under Sail,
Where she most sadly did lament,
and Courage then did fail.

Ah me of all unfortunate,
thus to her self she did,
I fear that cruel eight days
hath drank my true Love dead,
Alas if it prove fair to be true
that my dear
All comfort
Sure I
All Cares
Shall make
With sighing
and languish

At last the
that her
down
her love
She sunk in
her
Sore
and so poor soul

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball, near the

The Fair and Loyal
Maid of Briſtow.

Dame Fortune on this Maiden frown'd,
That once on her did ſmile,
She was in tears of ſorrow drown'd,
That death did her beguile.

To the Tune of, *Jenny Ginn*, Or, *Buſie Fame*.

BRITISH MUSEUM





45. b. 28. 1459.

[illegible] Briſtol City [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

But Fortune did upon them frown,
that once on them did ſmile,
And ſo that did theſe Lovers Crown,
as death did them beguile:
And to Virginia he muſt go,
his fortune to advance,
Which did procure theſe overthrow
By ſad unhappy chance.





BRITISH MUSEUM

Though long I have been absent yet I thought on
O my heart it was alwayes with pretty Betty (that

Then come my own dearest to the Tavern lets go
Whereas wee'll be merry for an hour or two
Lovingly together we both will agree
And ile drink a good health to my pretty Betty

And when we have done to the [illegible] we will by
Whereas wee'l be joyned in [illegible]
And alwayes ile be a kind husband [illegible]
If that thou wilt be my wife [illegible]

I will kiss thee and hug thee [illegible] arms
Ile be careful of thee and [illegible] harms
I will love thee dearly [illegible]
For my heart it is [illegible]

For thee I will [illegible]
The dangerous [illegible]
If I so get credit [illegible]
And I'le venture [illegible]

Wherefore then all this [illegible]
I will bring thee home rich Jewels for to wear,
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Betty's reply wherein she shows her Love,
Promising him great [illegible]
[illegible]

But since thou art returned this I'le assure thee
It is thou art the man that my husband shall be
Although that fond Wanton my absence proves me
Yet ile never change my old Love for a new, (true
My promise ile keep while life remains in me
For this thou art the man that my husband shall be.

I have been courted by many [illegible]
If thou wilt believe me ile tell [illegible]
But all my affections I have [illegible]
For thou art the man that [illegible] be

Then Dearest be not [illegible]
For to thee I'le [illegible]
So honour [illegible]
For this thou art the [illegible]

If that I [illegible]
I would not forsake [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

This lusty [illegible]
[illegible]
Love they [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
They [illegible]
[illegible]
So I [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]

Printed for F. Cole, T. Vere, J. Wright and J. Clarke. W. Thackeray & T. Passinger

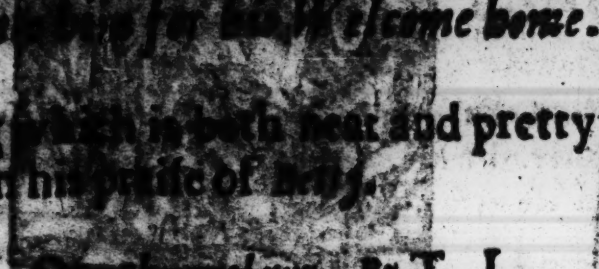
The galant Seamans return

from the Indies, or the happy meeting of two Faithful lovers.

Wherein is shewed the loyal constancy of a Seaman to his love, with her kind salutation in the time of his welcome home.

To this Song is both neat and pretty
Seaman in his praise of Berry.







To the Tune of Five Sail of Frigots, Or, Shrewsbury By T. L. With *Allowance.*



The Gallant Seamans Song at the meeting of *Berry.*





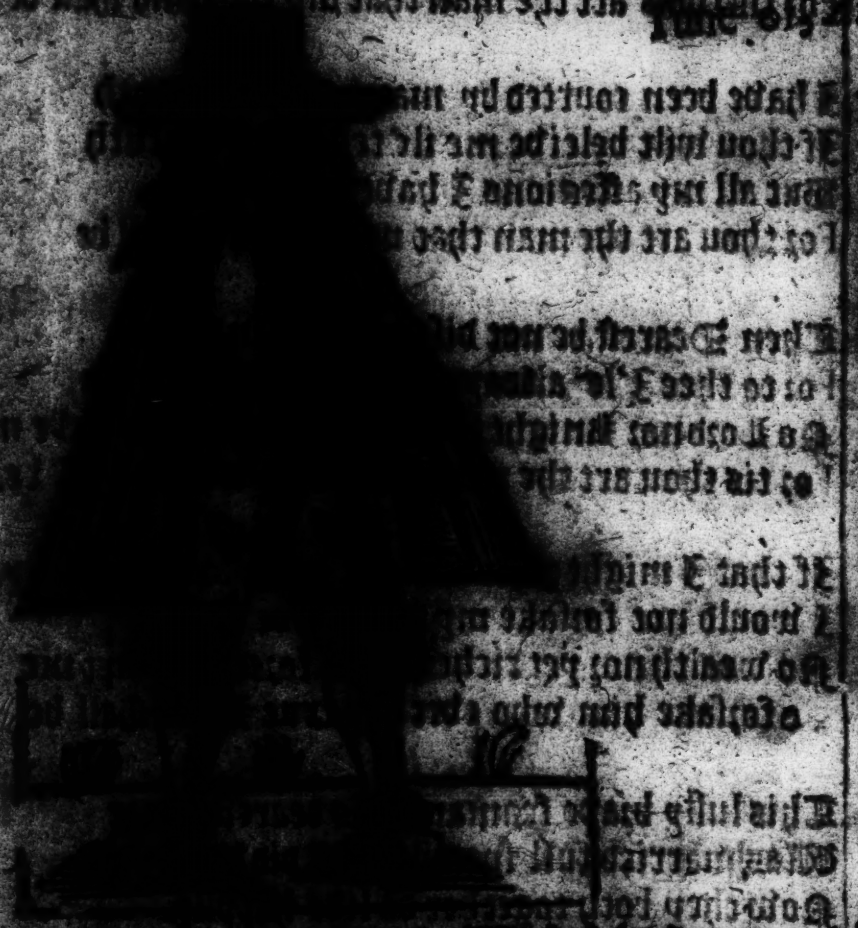
ers.

Which, being
such as are
to the glory of God; and their own benefit.

le, Useful, and profitable
ections how to

Pours forth his Prayers to have a prosperous





Use conscience in the dealings every one,
For riches they have wings and may be gone.
To follow pit of Hell, I dare presume,
All gotten goods thus lost are no







If selling of thy wares do not exact,
But still be just to what thou doest contract;
Let not extortion ever bring a curse
Small gains in time will make a heavy purse.

Be courteous unto all, do not disdain,
And thou thereby great benefit shalt gain.
Humility will win the
When haughty looks do e

Unto good husbandry
Let thy occasions
Never repent
For thou shalt

Be sure all
For thereby
Shall make
And live in

Immoderate
And count it
For the
And rob thee

As in a Looking
And from the same this Lesson thou mayest learn,
That those who steep their brains in beer and wine,
Do differ little from the brutish Swine.

If God shall bless thee
That to a good
Do not forget
But give them some relief before they go.



So shalt thou
And for
In this
And keep

If that a
And
To give
And to

Let thy
Such as
Most
They

Like wise

Thus
Where
And
And so

London, Printed for *Richard Hardy*, at the *Horseshoe* in *West Smith-Field*

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

Sometimes she in a merry vein
would sit upon my knee,
And give me kisses one or twain,
and all to sweeten me,
She'd vow I was welcome indeed,
and should be evermore,
But now I mean for to take heed,
and keep my money in store.

Thus I frequented the Ale bench
so long as my money would hold;
Whilst my Wife & Children at home did pineh
with hunger and with cold;
So I had my guts full of Ale and Beer,
I lokt after nothing more,
But now I mean to have a care,
and keep my money in store,

My wife would often me perswade
and mildly to me say,
Good loving husband follow your trade,
and go not so astray:
But with foule words I do her abuse,
and call her bitch and whore,
But now her counsel I will chuse,
and keep my money in store.

At last through my lewd wicked vice
I had consumed all,
By drunkenness, with Cards and Dice
my stock it was brought small:
By keeping of bad company
I was grown mean and poor,
But now I'le leave badhusbandry,
andkeep my money in store.

To my hostess one time I did repair,
and desired one courtesie,
To trust me for half a dozen of beer;
but she did me deny:
She told me she had made a vow
to draw no drink on score,
But I am fully resolved now
to keep my money in store.

Nd. she, the Vault-man his money must have
also I must pay excise,
If I should trust every drunken knave
where will my money rise?
But if you have chink you may have drink,
if you've none turn out of doors,
But now from the Alehouse I will shrink,
and keep my money in store.

Thus all good fellows you may see
what 'tis to be in want,
A man shall not regarded be
if money is with him scant:
But if money you have, they'l tend you have;
if you've none they will give o're,
Then be careful your money for to save,
and lay it up in store.

By experience 'tis plainly seen
in England far and nigh,
Those that rich wealthy men has been,
at last come to poverty
By spending too much in wine and beer
there is many doth grow poor,
Then good fellows have a special care,
to keep your money in store.

If all bad husbands were of my mind
in country and in town,
The Ale-wives a new trade should find,
to pull their fat-tubs down:
They shou'd work hard, both spin and card,
we would keep them so poor,
And we wou'd be careful our money to save,
and lay it up in store.

Now all you married men that are,
and Batchelours so gay,
Of the main chance pray have a care,
lest you fall in decay:
Be sure your time do rightly prize:
'twil not stay for rich nor poor;
Good fellows all I you advise
to keep your money in store,

Printed for P. Brooksby at the golden Ball in West-Smithfield.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

Good Fellovvs Conſideration.

OR

The bad Husbands Amendment.

Here in this Ballad you may ſee,
What 'tis a bad Husband to be,
For drunkenneſs moſt commonly
Brings many unto poverty.

And when a man is mean and bare,
Friends will be ſcarce both far and near,
Then in your youth keep money in ſtore,
Leſt in old age you do grow poor.

To the Tune of, *Hey boys up go we*, &c.

Lately written by *Thomas Lanſiere*,
Of *Watchat* town in *Sommerſet ſhire*.







45. b. 28 [illegible]

GOOD Fellows all come lend an ear,
and liſten to my ſong,
To you in briefe I will declare
how I have done my ſelf much wrong
By ſpending of my money too free,
it brought me low and poor,
But now a good Husband I will be,
and keep my money in ſtore.

It is well known the ſudling ſchool
I have haunted many year;
I waſted my money like a fool
both in Wine and ſtrong Beer:
With my Companions day and night
I did both drink, ſtag, and roar,
But now bad company I'le flight,
and keep my money in ſtore.

In the morning ſometimes to an Alehouſe
and tarry there all day, (I'de bye,
Perhaps a crown or an angel I
at one reckoning would pay:
My pocket of money I'de empty make,
e're that I would give ore,
But now ſuch actions I'le forſake,
and keep my money in ſtore.

My hoſteſs ſhe would ſmile in my face
when I did merrily call,
For why, ſhe knew I would not be baſe,
but freely pay for all:
Before the Flaggon was quite out
ſhe'd be ready to fill more,
But now I mean to look about,
and keep my money in ſtore.





BRITISH MUSEUM

Then next the Black-smith he came in,
and said 'twas mighty hot,
He sitting down did thus begin
fair maid, bring me a pot
Let it be of the very best
that none exceeds in town,
I tell you true and do not jest,
I love the Ale so brown.

The pick-louse Taylor he came in,
whose Tongue did run so nimble,
And said he would ingage to drink
his Bodkin and his Thimble:
For though with long ears Jaws I look,
I value not a Crown
So I can fill my belly full
of Ale that is so brown.

The lusty Porter passing by
with Basket on his back,
He said that he was grieved dry
and needs would pawn his Sack:
His angry wife he did not fear,
he valued not her frown
So he had that he lov'd full dear,
I mean the Ale so brown.

The next that came was one of them
was of the Gentle Craft,
And when that he was wet within,
most heartily he laugh'd:
Crispin was ne'r so bon as he,
though some Kinn to a Crown,
And there he sate most merrily,
with Ale that was so brown.

But at the last a Barber he
a mind had for to take,
He called for a pint of drink,
and said he was in haste:
The drink is pleas'd, he tarryed there
till he had spent a Crown,
'Twas all the money he could spare
for Ale that is so brown.

A Brother-man as he passed by
his mornings draught did lack,
Because that he no money had
he pawn'd his shirt from's back,
And said that he without a shirt
would cry Drawer up and down,
But yet much he Ale must
with Ale that is so brown.

But when all these together met,
oh what discourse was there,
'Twould make one's pate to ache
to hear how
One was a fine
the other
And there they sate and
with Ale that was so brown.

The Landlady
and call'd
Quoth she do you my
you out of door,

which caused her to
But loath they were to leave behind
the Ale that was so brown.

Printed for J. Conyers at the sign of the Black Raven in Duck Lane

THE

Good Fellows Frolick,

Or, Kent-Street Clubb.

Good people all come mind my merry Tale,
And you shall hear the vertue of good Ale,
Whose charming power some mens humors hits
It robs them of their money and their wits,
For he in time will surely money lack,
That loves his belly better than his back.

Tune of, Hey boys up go we.

BRITISH MUSEUM
Ballads 1.28.420



There is a crew of Jovial Blades
That lov'd the Nut-brown Ale,
[illegible] an Alehouse chanc'd to meet,
[illegible] merry tale,
[illegible] was the first,
[illegible]
With Ale that was so brown.

But how the jolly Carman he
With the strong Liquor prize;
He in long in the Alehouse sate,
[illegible]

And groping to get out of doors,
(Sott like) he tumbled down,
And there he like a mad-man swore
he lov'd the Ale so brown.

The nimble Weaver he came in,
and swore he'd have a little,
To drink good Ale it was no sin,
though't made him pawn his Shittle;
Quoth he, I am a Gentleman,
no lusty Country Clown,
But yet I love with all my heart
the Ale that is so brown.

where there happened [illegible]
especially in the City of *Jerusalem*, that the women was forc'd to eat their own Children, as you may read at large in the History of *Iosephus*

The third strange Prodigy, is of two Armies that was seen to encounter against each other in the Firmament over the City of *Exeter* in *Devonshire* on the 27*th* of *December* 1680, the one Army coming from the *North* of Heaven and the other from the *South*, they continued for some two houres visible fighting, the North Army was worsted, and there were heard the noise of wounded men as they suppos'd in the Ayr after the Battel was ended. This is observed the like Prodigy was seen before the breaking out of the late Rebellion, and not since, till now, which from the like Good Lord deliver us.

Fourthly, Since the last Armies was seen in the Ayr, we have an Account from *France* of the barbarous cruelties as is acted by those cruel and unmercifull Papists on the poor Protestants in *France*, where they have invented new ways of torments: As by putting their feet into scalding Water, and by wedging their Fingers into Auger-holes, and by burning their Tongues with Red-hot Irons, and also of their barbarous cruelties to several women, but especially to a Protestant Lady living in *Paris* the chief City in *France*, whom those Jesuits and Fryers solicited to renounce her Faith, and so relaps from her Religion, to which she replyed unto them, *As she had lived in the Protestant Faith, so was she resolved to die in the same*: No sooner had she spoke those words, but those cruel Papists (being only Pretenders to Religion) fell a beating, striking, kicking, and treading on her body, insomuch that the Child fell from her body alive, which they flung about the street till they had murthered the same, so those poor Protestants are served in *France* for professing the true Protestant Religion, which from such-like cruelties good Lord deliver us, and all that trust in him.

6*ly*. In *January* last 1681, we have an Account from *Flanders*, *Holland*, and *Zealand* of a very great and unusual Inundations of the Sea, which by the slightness of the Banks as they had there, which was nothing but Wood knock'd in with Stakes very slightly, the water broke them down, and ran into the Country a vast great way, drowned many thousands of Cattel, and

their Hay and Corn was drov
sands lost their lives before th
it coming so swift
be seen but the tops of Churc
and *Zealand* together, and w
Sea, they thought they should
again: It being noting
several Seamen, and others.

7*ly*. We have an Account
lately hapned in *Holland* to t
Families, and several Churche
stroyed and sunk in the grou
women, and children were
on the 19*th* of *January* 1682.

8*ly*. Concerning the late
to us in *December*, 1681, it a
in *Capricorn* near unto the bo
very great swiftness moving
and lessned its Motion towar
and fifty five Minutes in
stream at first appears pointe
afterwards *Eastward*; so ha
but to refer you to large W
glicus for this Year 1682, w
Motion from the beginning
you as it was a Saturnine Co
have Saturnine and dismall
Lord deliver us.

9*ly*. Something concernin
two Superiors *Saturn* and *Ju*
the Tables of Mr. *Thomas St*
the 23*d* of *October* 1682 in a
twenty Degrees of *Leo* the
hath alwaies been attended
both in Church and Stat
time of their meeting in
the Creation of the World,
with great Prodigies in the
Earth, and it will have gr
places that have *Leo* for thei
more of it, but I have not re
Ile tell you it signyfieth no
falls in Trine to *Aries*

as drove away, and many thou-
efore they could fly for succor,
them as there was nothing to
Churches; *Flanders* being low
and was first gotten out of the
should never get their Country
thing but what is testifyed by
thers.

count of a great Earthquake that
nd to the utter ruine of several
Churches and Monasterys was de-
e ground, and hundreds of men
were buryed alive, it hapned
1682.

e late Comet which appeared
1, it appeared to us in *England*,
the body of the Sun, being of a
oving four Degrees in 24 houres
wards the end to one Degree
s in twenty four houres, its
pointed a little to the *North*,
so having no more to say of it,
e Writers, as Mr. *Lilly*'s An-
682, where is a large Note of its
ning to the end, only I will tell
ine Comet, so I dare say it will
small Effects; from which good

cerning the Conjunction of the
and *Jupiter*, which (according to
ns Street) will be celebrated on
2 in a fiery Trygon in and about
e the ascendant of *Rome*, and it
ended with memorial Changes
d State; This being the 8*th*
g in the fiery Trygon since
orld, and was attended alwaies
n the Heaven, and Alteration on
ve great signification to those
or their horoscope. I would speak
not room here to insert it, only
h no ill to *England*, in regard it
Aries, *Englands* Ascendant,

the destruction of Fishes, and over-flowing of Rivers, and hath a very bad signification, according to the famous Mr. *Lilly* in his *Merlini Anglici*.

This Moneth the two Superiors are enjoyn'd,
And in the fiery Trygon are combin'd:
They't meeting still, great Changes doth foreshow,
To hapen in the Regions *here below.*

Mr. *Lilly* in his *Ephemeris* in 1655, hath these Prophetical Expressions, which are now very near their Period, and doth in a prophetical manner predict his own Death.

In the Year of eighty three, great changes there will be,
That thou poor Merlin *ne'r shalt live to see.*

Also Mr. *Gadbury* and Mr. *Partridge* have written very dubiously and strange, as may be seen in their Annual Books this year 1682.

Mr. *Partridge* writeth concerning the French [illegible] and hath given his Judgment at large, as may be seen in his *Mercurius Cœlestis*, 1682.

Also Mr. *Gadbury* in the latter end of his *Dyary* or *Almanack* for this year 1682, hath these Mistick Verses.

Geneva *Jiggs* shall disagree,
And days turn'd into weeks shall be,
So into months and years at last,
Just Judges shall their mistake cast.
Comets are a fearful Abroad to mens eyes,
God's angry warning, [illegible]
That still proclaim God's wrath, and Kingdoms woe,
Plagues, Great Sickness, Bloody Wars also,
According to Mr. *Lilly* in his Annal books.

Also the Right Reverend *Bishop Usher* did prophesie of several strange Events, which some have came to pass and some have not, he prophecyed of the Massacre in *York*, and several years before it came to pass, and also of the death of King *Charles* the First, and of several strange things.

God hath not made Cœlestial works in vain,
But in them power and vertue great remain,
They cause effects on Earth, by them we know
That God is working Changes here below.

London, Printed by H. B. *for* James Seal, *&*
sold by J. Conyers *in Ducklane* 1682.





Truly William then quoth Nancy,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The Hafty Wedding;

OR,

William's Patience Rewarded,

With the conſent of Pretty NANCY.

To the Tune of, The Man of Faſhion, Or, The Doubting Virgin.



Stop, ſtop, my Dearest Dear,
Do not make parting Strangers
In the pleaſant time of the Year.
Conſider the Pain I am in,
Should I not have Comfort to undergo,
Sweet Love, how can I
And be Content, for I love thee,
And deſire to have thee mine.

Then quoth ſhe my pretty Nancy,
Will thou make a Stock and no Stone,
Then alone act like a Man?
Since I am only cauſe thy Sorrow,
Then me torn my pretty Love,
Make no doubt to change your Mind,
And the quickly come up Stairs to me,
When you ſhall hear why I came.

45 6 28 Nov.





BRITISH MUSEUM

If some will not pull out their Purse,
In heart we oft lend them a Curse;
Tho' we like Beggars seem to look,
We have more Coyn than some that give
If some kind hearts did know our state,
They never would refuse us more:
And tho' the world us Beggars call,
A Beggars, &c.

And some that do like Cripples lye,
Have got the art to whine and cry;
With Oh and Pound that do pass by,
Take pitty on our Misery.
Some do us pity, and are willing,
To give us farthing or a shilling:
And tho' the world us Beggars call,
A Beggars, &c.

I was brought up to th' Beggars Trade,
And I full many a face have made,
Whereby I got my Master store,
But now for him I'll Beg no more;
I am set up for my own self,
By Begging get good store of Pelf:
And tho' the world us Beggars call,
A Beggars, &c.

Sometimes of Farmers [illegible]
And sometimes in a Parish [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
A Beggars, &c.

No Plots against [illegible]
Like Citizens [illegible]
But Beggs the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Which sometimes [illegible]
And tho' the world us Beggars call, (Cast)
A Beggars, &c.

Other Folks [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And tho' like Beggars [illegible]
Our lives to us [illegible]
Then let the world us [illegible]
A Beggars Life's the best of all.

FINIS.

Printed for I. Deacon at the Angel in Guilt-spur-street; without [illegible]

THE

Jovial Beggars Merry Crew.

When Beggars *that have Coyn good ſtore,*
yet ſtill like Vagrants live,
They do but onely Cheat the Poor,
'tis pitty them to give.

Tune of, A figg for Francc.







There's many a gallant Beggar bold,
That has been lodged in the Cold;
Drove to Extremity, & Misery,
Which makes them Curse the Day:
Their Cloaths be all Confounded,
Their Money Gone, their Credit Lame:
But tho' the world us Beggars call,
A Beggars Trade's the best of all.

Sev'ral ſorts of Bags have we,
Some as in Necessity,
Some for Meal, some for Malt,
Some for Bread, & some for Salt,
Some for Cheese, & some for Chaff,
Some for Bacon when we please:
And tho' the world us Beggars call,
A Beggars Trade's the best of all.

And when we get a Snack go by,
O Lord preserve you Sir, we cry,
Take pity on the Fatherless,
That ask Almighty may you bless:
My broken Limbs good Sir, behold,
I'me kill'd with hunger, starv'd with cold
But tho' the world us Beggars call,
A Beggars Trade's the best of all.

'Tis long since my poor Parents dy'd,
That for me used to provide;
And Charity so cold is grown
The like before was never known:
Oh pity Sir, pitty my distress,
I'm Lame, half Blind, and Fatherless;
Then let the world us Beggars call,
A Beggars Trade's the best of all.

The Second part, to the ſame Tune:



ll the night I do tipple good Wine,
which reſiſts both heat and cold:
nd pay devotion at Bacchus his ſhrine,
whilſt the Pourſhead it does hold.
or the meaneſt ſlave, by drinking grows
t all cares they are lay'd aſide:
The Priſoner is free, if drunk he be,
and no longer does grief abide.
Twas I that lately drank a Piſs-pot
fill'd with Sack unto the brim,
nd to my Friend, and he drank his Pot,
ſo merrily went about the Whim:
wo gaſpins at a draught I pour'd down my throat
but hang ſuch trifling things as theſe,
laid me all along, put my noſe unto the Bung,
and drank out a Hogs-head full with eaſe:
heard of a man that drank whole Tankards,
called himſelf the Prince of Sots,
Dam ſuch idle Puny Drunkards,
melt their Tankards, break their Pots:
friend and I did joyn for a Seller full of Wine,
and we drank the Vintner out of doors,

We drank it all up, in a morning at a ſup,
and greedily ſtared about for more:
With that my friend he made a motion,
ſaid, let's not part with ſuch dry Lips,
And ſtraight we went unto the Ocean,
where we met with a fleet of Ships;
They were laden all with Wine,
and they ſwore 'twas ſuper-fine,
And they ſaid they had ten thouſand Tun: (they
we drank it all at Sea, not a drop ſtuck by;
And the Vintners ſwore they were all undone.
For a Man that can ſtoutly tipple,
need not fear the World goes well:
It will make caper, though a Cripple,
and bid ſorrows all farewel.
Then 'tother round is ſtill the ſound,
come fill us more wine boys let's have ſtore:
We ne'r ought ſhall lack, while we have
'tis that which our ſpirits does feed. (Cheer
Come bring in Twenty Gallons more,
let us drink till the world it runs round,
And twenty to that we'l ſet on foot,
for can but be put in the Ground.
but catch me if they can,
and ſtill out freſh ſtore
I'le drink the Cellar dry, and after call,
I'le not if it be but for Sport.
Come bring the Glaſs, all a bumper,
And a
let
whilſt the
for
The ſun turns the Ocean, the
all do carouſe it round.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Fordan*, at the Sign of the *Angel*, in *Guilt-ſpur-ſtreet*, without *Newgate*.

The King of Good-Fellows:

OR,

The Merry Toper's Advice.

Being a Pleasant New Song much in Request.

This is the Man whose Company once had,
Will make Men Chearful, though of late but sad:
He hates Curmudgeons, but does Court the Blade,
That will spend free, for Drinking is a Trade;
By it long Nights flye swift, and seem but short,
No Pastime's like unto true Tippling sport.

To a Pleasant New Tune.

BRITISH MUSEUM



45. b. 28. 140.

I am the King and Prince of Drunkards,
[illegible] roaring rioting Boys:
I always use to drink whole Bumpers,
and the Ale-house fill with noise:
In the Tavern I do rant and roar,
I drink more Wine then any can:
Therefore am I both far and nigh,
call'd a Hogshead, not a Man.

I rant and roar, and I call for more,
I practice drinking night and day:
I always boast that I drink most,
but never a Farthing do I pay.

But if any falls asleep, to their pockets I do
and out their Purses I do draw, (creep,
The Reckoning I do pay, & so go my way,
and I leave them a laughing, he, ho.

Some says Drinking does disguise Men,
and their wits turns out of doors:
Fools they are, & I am sure no wise Men,
for they lye like Sons of Whores.
For when a man's in drink, he speaks what
he's not drunk, but frank & free, (he thinks
It is not with them, so they're a cup too low
for they are disguis'd with modesty.

But when she came the Judge before
full low her knee she bended,
For Georgy's life she did implore,
that she might be befriended.
His time may be past,
His life else it may cost,
Alack and alas! is there no Remedy?
It makes the heart within me
Ready to burst in three
To think on the death of poor *Georgy*.

Oh rise, oh rise, fair Lady Gray,
your suit cannot be granted,
Content your self, as well you may,
for Georgy must be hanged.
His time it is past &c.

She wept she waild she rung her hands
and ceased not her mourning;
She offer'd Gold she offer'd Lands,
to save the life of Georgy.
His time it is past, &c.

George's Confession.

I have travell'd through the Land,
and met with many a man, Sir;
But Knight or Lord I bid him stand
he durst not make an answer.
But my thread it is spun,
My glass is almost run,
Alack and alas! there is no remedy;
Which makes my heart within me
Ready to burst in three,
To die like a Dog, (says poor Georgy.)

The Brittain bold that durst deny
his money for to tender,
Tho' he were stout as valiant Guy
I forc'd him to surrender.
But now my thread is spun, &c.

But when the money I had got,
and made him cry peccavi,
To bear his charge and pay his shot
a Mark or Noble gave I.
But my thread it is spun, &c.

The Ladies when they had me seen
would ne'r have been affrighted
To take a dance upon the Green
with Georgy they delighted.
But now my thread is spun, &c.

When I had ended this our wake,
and fairly them bespoken,
Their rings and jewells would I take
to keep them for a Token.
But now my thread is spun, &c.

The hue and cry for George is set,
a proper handsome fellow,
With Diamond-Eyes as black as jet,
and Locks like Gold so yellow.
His time it is past, &c.

Long it was with all their art,
e're they could apprehend him,
But at the last his valiant heart
no longer could defend him.
His time it was past, &c.

I ne'r stole Horse nor Mare in my life
nor Cloven-foot or any,
But once for the Kings white Steeds
and I sold them to Bohemia.
His time it was past, &c.

Georgy he went up the hill,
and after followed many,
Georgy was hanged in silken string,
the like was never any.
His time it was past,
His life will not last,
Alack and alas! there is no remedy, &c.

Printed for P. Brooksby in West-Smithfield.

The Life and Death of George of OXFORD:

To a pleaſant New Tune, called, *Poor Georgy.*





AS I went over London Bridge
all in a miſty morning,
There did I ſee one weep and mourn,
lamenting for her Georgy,
His time it is paſt,
His life it will not laſt,
Alack and alas! there is no Remedy,
Which makes the heart within me
Ready to burſt in three
To think on the death of poor *Georgy.*

George of Oxford is my name,
and few there's but have known me,
Many a mad prank have I plaid,
but now they're overthrown me.
My time it is paſt, &c.

Th! then beſpake the Lady Gray,
I'le haſte me in the morning,
And to the Judge I'le make my way,
to ſave the life of Georgy.
His time it is paſt,
His life elſe it may coſt,
Alack and alas! is there no remedy?
It makes the heart within me
Ready to burſt in three
To think on the death of poor *Georgy.*

Go Saddle me my milk-white Steed,
go Saddle me my bonny,
That I may to New-Caſtle ſpeed,
to ſave the life of Georgy.
His time it is paſt, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM





Goods farthest fetcht and dearest bought,
may lull your sence to sleep:
But since you made so slight of me,
Ile be as slight to you,
Such scornful and Pragmatick Dames,
perchance your selves undone.

Sweet heart you know it cannot be,
alas I am too young,
And to a Marriage state I know,
not what thereto belongs,
You say a Caulcer needs must be,
a favourite in thy breast,
But as I am Ile still be free,
only my mind is still erpreit.

Maid.

Indeed good Sir it is not so,
a Caulcer I defie,
And you will quickly break my heart,
if you do me deny:
Therefore come help me in distress.
to strong is my desire.
That I do burn in fiery flames,
and feel Loves scorching fire.

Alas good Sir now will I stay,
this seven years for your sake
And if you prove but kind to me,
my vows I ne'r will break,
Let gentle Cupid bend his bow,
and with his nimble dart,
So penetrate that you may know,
the pains of Lovers smart.

Oh never more erpect from me,
a kind glance from mine eye,
I hate blind Cupids cruelty,
and must your suit deny:
But what of me you seem to crave,
for till I'me layed in my grave,
my fancy shall be free.

This Damsel then did trembling stand,
to hear this young man speak,
Alas said she what shall I do,
with love my heart will break,
And thereupon she [illegible]
her colour came and went,
By which you well may understand,
that true loves passion meant.

Her Cherry lips that were so red,
did wax both pale and wan,
And for the torrent she concealed,
her tears they ran:
And falling deep into a trance,
for half an hours space,
This young man saw an altering change,
beheld her lovelick face.

At seeing of this sudden change,
[illegible]
Full soon the [illegible]
of Cupids [illegible]
This youth he came no more unto,
but went to her in haste,
And kindly in his loving arms,
this Damsel he imbrac'd.

My dear said he be content thy self,
to end all further strife,
As soon as e're my time is out,
thou shalt be made my wife.
That you may see when [illegible]
a constant mind [illegible]
[illegible]
and enjoyed [illegible]

FINIS.

The Love-ſick Maid of Portſmouth

See how by Heavens great Providence,
th-ſe Lovers did Unite,
For ſhe lov'd him, and he lov'd her,
and did themſeves deligt.
At firſt he ſeem'd to deny,
at laſt he ſeem'd to bow,
and gratified her faithful Love,
by keeping true Loves Vow.

BRITISH MUSEUM

K

To the Tune of, *Genny Gin.* Entred according to Order



There is a Lad in our Town,
a proper handſome Youth,
he is a Carpenter by Trade,
and Joyner by the truth.
There is a Lad in our Town,
a proper handſome Youth,
and Katherine her name,
the loved him most dear.

Katherine is pretty darling dear,
a Comely Lass but Low,
She is as kind a loving Lass,
as lives in Portſmouth Town:
But I have heard it often ſaid,
of all the Batchelours by,
Whoſoever doth follow him to cloſe,
ſhall be put to ſcorn.

Give me one word of comfort now,
to eaſe my troubleb heaſt,
Alas alas 'tis you alone,
that can my help procure,
'Tis you your ſelfe that made the wounds,
and none but you can cure.

Alas my deareſt love ſhe ſaid,
you do not know my ſmart
That I endure for your dear ſake,
ah me twill break my heart,
'Tis for your ſake good Sir indeed,
that I theſe pains indure,
Unleſs you help me in my need,
I want expect a cure.

45. b. 28. Ballad Man,

The thing it is ſo great he ſaid,
that you of me do crave,
Then take this for an anſwer flat.
my heart you cannot have:
A Carpenters heart it is too ſmall
your large breaſts to fill,
Your fain you'l have forty for a groat,
in that you do not ſmall.

LOVE

cruel Miſtriſs.

Morena.

ers that do Love like him
lood of tears to her wou'd ſwim,
l, proud, denyes his love,
may all men cruel prove.
Dianas a Nymph, &c.



Sunsthey do ſcorch me ſevere,
ved from them any where,
eams they ſtill do conſume
untains of life in their bloom;
the Woods tho I mournfully ſing,
moan my dread ſuffering,
ut ſhe flyes, and no longer will ſtay,
uiſh all night, and ſigh all the day.

reſh flowers if I ſeek for eaſe,
Quick my ſenſes wou'd pleaſe,
es frown, and my joys are all gone,
to torment my Love then does turn
ains Loves flames I wou'd ſlake,
Diana appear in the Lake,
ut ſhe flyes, &c.

Her face is ſo charming, ſo bright and ſo fair,
That nothing that's mortal can with her compare,
Which by reflection does dazle my ſight,
And puts all my reaſon at firſt view to flight,
So that I ſtand ſpeechleſs and feign would declare
My paſſion, and with low ſubmiſſion prepare,
But ſhe flyes, but ſhe flyes, and no longer will ſtay,
Though I languiſh all night and ſigh all the day.

Ye cruel powers for what were ſhe made,
If love and obedience can never perſwade
Her to be mild and cruel no more
To her pow'r Captive, that ſtill muſt adore,
Though ſhe kill him with ſcorn yet he ſtill
Muſt love faſt Morena do he what he will,
But ſhe flyes, but ſhe flyes, &c.

If't be pleaſure to love in ſuch torments as theſe,
Where the wretch's lover can find no eaſe,
How happy are they that from love can refrain,
Since in it there's nothing but trouble and pain,
But my fate is ſuch that do all what I can
Love does o'r pow'r me and me quite unman,
But ſhe flyes, but ſhe flyes, &c.

'Tis for the Diriſion I lately have ſhown,
To mournful ſad Lovers before Love was known;
To this end, ſo ſerved Cupid Apollo, when he
Purſu'd the fair Daphe till turn'd to a Tree,
But ſhe fled all baſhful a virgin, but now
My miſtriſs is cruel and wont love allow,
For ſhe flyes, for ſhe flyes, &c.

Tho each Letter I write her I ſeal with my Tears,
yet ſhe proves cruel and laughs at my cares,
While penſive and ſad I do it all alone,
And unto the Seas and the Winds make my moan,
Who pity me more than my miſtriſs will do,
And will not ſhun my ſighs when they purſue,
But ſhe flyes, but ſhe flyes, &c.

Then let all thoſe who have ſcap'd Cupids Net,
Which he in the eyes of fair females does ſet,
To Captivate Princes and Peſants beware
Leaſt with me they complain when tak'n in the ſnare,
Who though ſhe enſlaves me to all what I will,
And though ſhe prove cruel yet muſt love her ſtill,
But ſhe flyes, but ſhe flyes, and no longer will ſtay,
Though I languiſh all night and ſigh all the day.

J. Wright, J. Clark, W. Thackery and T. Paſſenger.

TYRANNICK L

Or, The mournful Lovers complaint againſt his crue

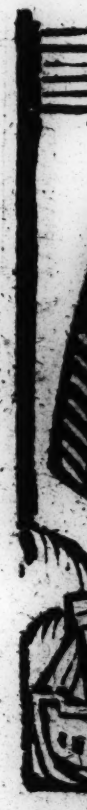
Being the paſſions of *Phaon* for the Nymph *Moren*

O boundleſs Love, where haſt thou *Phaon* driven,
What Sea is this that toſſes up to Heaven,
And down to Hell ev'n in a Moments ſpace,
'Tis Love and Lovers find no reſting place,
That is ſuch Lovers tha
Who through a flood of
But ſhe disdainful, prou
For which to her may al

Tune of *Diana*







I Languiſh all night, and I ſigh all the day
For a Miſtriſs that coyly does turn her away,
yet ſhe,s enſlav'd me do all what I will,
And though ſhe be cruel I muſt love her ſtill,
Her eyes like ſharp Launces late gave me a wound,
yet peace I do offer, and feign wou'd compound,
But ſhe flyes, but ſhe flyes, and no longer will ſtay,
Though I languiſh all night and ſigh all the day.

At her Windows I've watted in winters ſharp, cold,
My paſſion unto her, that I might unfold,
But in vain was my kindneſs for ſhe ſtill deny'd,
And when I look'd on her ſtrait turned aſide,
And for my kindneſs ſtill ſcorn did return,
Till fry'd with a Feavour of love I did burn:
But ſhe flyes, but ſhe flyes, &c.

Her eyes like two Suns
For can I be ſhaded from
But with their Beams th
And dry up the fountains
In the Groves & the Wi
She regards not moan m
But ſhe flyes, but ſhe fly
Though I languiſh all

On the beds of freſh flow
Or with ſweet Muſick m
Methinks ſhe does frown
All my pleaſures to torm
If in cole fountains Lo
Then ſhe'd like Diana ap
But ſhe flyes, but ſhe f

Printed for F. Cole. T. Vere, J. Wrig



All the Maids of Islington
went forth to sport and play;
All but the Bayliffs Daughter dear,
she secretly stole away.

She put off her gown of gray,
and put on puggish attire:
She's up to fair London gone,
her true Love to require.

As she went along the Road,
the weather being hot and dry;
There was she aware of her true-love,
at length came riding by.

She stept to him as red as any Rose,
and took him by the Bridal Ring;
I pray you kind Sir give me one penny,
to ease my weary limbs.

I pritheer (sweetheart) canst thou tell me
where that thou was born?
At Islington kind Sir, said he,
where I have had many a Scorn.

I pritheer sweetheart canst thou tell me
whether thou dost know
The Earlifs daughter of Islington?
she's dead Sir long ago.

Then will I tell my goodly Steed,
my Saddle and my Bridle,
I will into some far Country,
where no man doth me know.

O stay, stay, stay, thou shalt have my maid,
she's thine, she is not mine,
Here I do part her from my side,
and give her unto thine.

Farewel gold, and welcome joy,
ten thousand times and more:
For now I see my own true-love,
that I thought I had lost before.

Printed for P: Brooksby, at the Golden
Ball in Westsmithfield.

True-love Requited:

Or, *The Bayliffs daughter of* Islington.

The youngmans friends the maid *did* scorn,
'Cause she was poor and left forlorn,
They sent the Esquire to *London* fair,
To be an Apprentice seven year,
And when he out on's time was come,
He met his love a going home,
And then to end all farther strife,
He took the maid to be his wife.

To a North Countrey Tune. Or, *I have a good old mother at home.*

BRITISH MUSEUM





There was a youth, and a well belov'd youth
And he was a Squires Son,
He lov'd the Bayliffs daughter dear
That lived in Islington.

But she was coy and she would not believe,
That he did love her so,
Nor, no, nor at any time she would
Any countenance to him shew,

But when his friends did understand
his fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London
a Apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
and his Love he had not seen,
Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
when she little thought of me.

45. b. 22. 1750.

This Youngman he in Ambuſh lay,
And heard this Maid what ſhe did ſay;
How ſhe complain'd moſt civily,
For fear a Maiden ſhe ſhould dye.

Till at the laſt blind *Cupid* he
Did wound his heart with her Beauty:
therefore to end up all the ſtrife,
He woo'd and wed her for his wife.



I hearing of this Maidens moan,
as in the Bush I lay,
Delighting in her merry tone,
I to my self did say,
Thy beauty bright dazles my sight,
if thy heart and tongue agree,
It shall never be said, thou shalt dye a maid,
if thou canst fancy me.

Then boldly I kept unto this Maid,
and took her by the hand,
And unto her these words did say
I dey at your Command,
My Service and my person both,
is ready here you see,
It ne'r shall be said, thou dy'd a maid,
if you can fancy me.

Thy Portion be it great or small,
for that I do not care,
True Love and Fancy passes all,
nothing with it can compare,
Therefore grant me thy love my dear
the like I'le do to thee,
It ne'r shall be said, thou dy'dst a maid,
if thou canst fancy me.

Then with a smile this Maid reply'd,
I see I am betray'd,
But yet your suit is not deny'd,
untill what you have said:
Then all my love you need not fear,
if constant you will be,
Then to your promise have a care,
with speed to marry me.

So to conclude, away they went
and married was that day,
Their Parents giving their consent,
did Solemnize the day:
Where now they live in perfect content,
and so tangle space,
A civil pattern for all maids,
that fain would married be.

the AUTHOR'S Advice.

And so farewel you Gentlemen all,
living in Luton or Dun,
I speak to you both great and small,
which hears this merry Song:
If country people be wise and good,
then much more you should,
Be constant to your faithful Love,
for like you dyes a maid.

London Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-corner.

The Love-ſick Maid quickly Revived.

Within the prime time of the Spring,
VVithin a Meadow ſhe did ſing;
And ſolemnly theſe words ſhe ſaid,
I fear that I ſhall dye a maid:
But her Sweetheart in Ambuſh lay,
And heard the words that ſhe did ſay;
As in this Ditty you may hear
If that you pleaſe but to give ear.

Tune is, What ſhall I do, ſhall I dye for love, &c. Or, *the Hay-makers.*

BRITISH MUSEUM





45.
6. 20.
1496.

[illegible] I [illegible]
[illegible] Maid quickly [illegible]
[illegible] Sweetheart [illegible]
[illegible] Meadow [illegible]
[illegible] Spring,
[illegible] Maid
[illegible] Maid
[illegible] Maid
[illegible] Maid
[illegible] Maid
[illegible] Maid
[illegible] Maid

To Markets and Fairs I do repair
as other Maidens do,
To see what young man will be there,
my person for to woo,
Yet all in vain, I come again,
for none doth pity me,
Which makes me afraid, I ſhall dy a maid
and never married be.

I go to Church as Maidens do,
and for ſmall Portion ſake,
But to ſee what true Love I can find
my Husband for to make:
I often wiſh, but dare not ſpeak,
my bluſhing hinders me
Which makes me afraid I ſhall dy a maid
and never marryed be.

What if my Portion be but ſmall,
I much of him will make,
And if ſuch Fortune to me fall
great pains with him I'le take;
A conſtant wife, while I have life,
he ſtill ſhall find of me,
For ſooth I am to dye a maid,
but fain would married be.





Your falſe tongue was quick and nimble,
With me you did to diſſemble,
  that you gain'd my tender heart;
Which made him break for your dear ſake,
  that are the cauſe of all my ſmart:

Call to mind your oaths diſcreet,
Broken vows and falſe pretences,
  which you ſtand all puncties;
We never part, and I am preſent,
  cauſe you to me are ſo obſcure.

Why ſhould you be ſo ungrateful,
Again I plead and merciful?
  but as conſtant as the Moon;
Why at this rate do you me hate,
  and ſlight me thus for any new love?

Oh! remember all your wiles,
Treacherous words, and fawning ſmiles,
  that you uſed before to me;
Be ſo ſincere, but bear a care,
  leſt my poor Ghoſt does trouble thee.

In your falſeneſs never glory,
Boaſt not o'er poor Mary Story,
  time may come when you may ſee
That you betray'd a harmleſs Maid,
  who prov'd ſo loyal unto you.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in West-Smithfield.

True Love Rewarded with Cruelty.

Being a true Account of one *Mary Story*, a Maid, who once lived at *Limehouse*, in the County of *Middlesex* that was in love with one who had promised her Marriage, so that the Wedding-day was appointed, but he changed his mind, and forsook her, wherupon she took greif, and dyed about the latter end of *July*, 1683.

Tune of, *Tender hearts of* London *City*.



YOu that ever in love delighted,
Pitty me that now am slighted
by a young man my undoing,
That did love me, and deceive me,
with vows and oaths binding me.

I am distracted, discontented,
Night and day I am tormented,
my heart is ready for to break:
But the pain of it, and love to him
by my untruthfull George's take.

What will folk say of my dying thus?
That am now a dying indeed,
for nothing through his disdain;
and how will they blame my heart,
but he ne'r pities the my pain.

He to me did promise Marriage;
Oh! but mind this strange miscarriage,
his wavering mind began to change,
He pleaded debt, which made me feer,
this alteration was so strange.

But he strove to stand the tryall,
What would follow his denyall,
and to my sorrow now I know.
That I must die; most woefully
I owe wrongfully my fatal overthrow.

That very day I should be married,
Then, alas! I so miscarried,
he said that he owe a twenty pounds;
This cruel news with me amate,
and gave to me a mortal wound.

He then gave me to trouble,
Then my sorrows they grew double,
but then could a guesse
He so feeble, and strength lesse,
as I have been indeed since.

Oh that he should be so cruel,
To me alone to owe a spight,
that a Maiden should betray!
Oh how can I live now I am my Grave:
since I have lost under only joy.

In love alone I was belighted,
Now my hopes are all benighted,
all my comforts now are fled;
And I do mourn like one forlorn;
mind what I say on dying-bed.

Oh there's nothing here can daunt thee,
Night and day I'le haunt thee
wheresoever thou doth go;
You broke Hopes lewes, & that's the cause
that has procured my overthrow.





If you go fine you'r proud,
unless your Portion's great,
If poor in Cloaths, they'l flout,
poor Girls they say they hate.
And he that ne'r did see five pound
of his own in all his dayes,
With bows and Oaths
Will you confound,
And cheat you twenty ways.

Just as you us'd to sigh,
so they will fancies fit,
Now weary were of life,
now they're bereft of wit.
And as you us'd continually
to spend your youthful days,
[illegible] will lye
[illegible]
But hold them in delays.

[illegible]

The Fair Maidens Resolutions.

COme, come be of good cheer,
let's merry be, and wise,
For youngmen they will leer,
when Maidens them denies.
When with a prating Jack you meet,
ne'r mind you what he says,
Though he pretends
His love is great,
He cares for no delays.

Then they will be as sweet,
and bend unto your bow.
With youngsters you may meet,
if you but serve them so.
Oh how they'l cringe at your command,
and you obey always,
If once they find
You are inclin'd
To hold them in delays.

[illegible]

That long can be delays.

[illegible]

By seeming long delays.

Printed for J. Wright, J. C[illegible]

Thackery and [illegible]

The Maids Unhappineſſe

OR

The Youngmens Unconſtancy.

When Maidens ſeem for to be kind,
Youngmen do from them fly:
But if the Maidens coy they find
Then they for love can dye.

Tune of Philander.



A Las poor female Sex!
Nature your ruine meant;
In being ſo to perplex,
Or still for to lament.
For youngmen they prove ſo unkind,
In theſe our latter days,
For they'l ſwear they'l love,
And then will prove,
Yet cheat you twenty ways.

For they'l pretend to dote,
Be paſſion'd charming rare,
Sighs if you would be free,
Poor I muſt them all in with love.
Or if that nothing they will keep,
Nor ſighs nor vows their pains,
Nor dye if you unkind,
Or will make you weep,
For they'l cheat you twenty ways,

Great Portions are the things
At which they chiefly aim,
They'l cry that Gold hath wings,
And its diſlike proclaim.
But rich or poor they will pretend,
To Crown their loves with Joyes,
But yet deceive you
In the end,
And cheat you twenty ways.

If you but kind do ſeem,
Or ſo'n fond they'l quickly fly,
Not worthy of eſteem,
And quickly keep away,
If you from them they'l mount your pride,
And laugh at theſe days,
Do what you will
They are ſure they ſtill
Will cheat you twenty ways.





BRITISH MUSEUM

His Grace he was no sooner gone,
But this sad accident befell,
By Villains he was set upon
Nere to a place that's call'd Pell-mell,
Their Hellish minds they did fulfil
and there his precious blood did spill.

Up to his Coach these Villains ride,
As by his Servants it is said,
With Weapons which they did provide
Whilst he poor soul was not afraid,
For harmless souls ne'r fear no ill.
while villains seek their blood to spill

Meeting with him as they desired,
Their Hellish courage then grew hot,
Into his Coach at him they fired,
And into his belly him they shot,
And so like Villains him they kill'd,
& his most precious blood they spill'd.

Away like Villains then they fled,
With horror doubtless in their mind,
This worthy soul thus quarters dead,
Bleeding i'th Coach they left behind:
Now had the Villains got their will
That fought his precious blood to spill

WHen these unwelcome tydings came
To noble Monmouths bleeding ear,
His courage which none ere could tame
Did on a sudden plain appear,
He strait pursu'd those that did spill
His precious blood that thought no ill.

This Noble Hero did all night
Pursue their murtherous ends in vain,
Till God with his resplendent light
Did cause their cursed deeds appear,
But could not find those that did kill
That harmless soul as thought no ill.

But Heaven did ere long find out
What lately Monmouth could not do,
Those well he knew the Coach gone out,
Of he might have been murthered too,
I fear that they who this Squire killd
Poor Jamey's blood would fain ha' s(pilld)

These Villains they were fetch'd all back,
And brought before his Majesty,
This horrid thing they then confest
Now Prisoners they in Newgate lie,
And be condemned no doubt they will,
that Squire Thin's sweet blood did spill

Printed for J. Conyers at the black Raven in Duck lane.

The Matchleſs Murder.

Giving an Account of the moſt horrible and bloody murthering of the moſt worthy Gentleman *Thomas Thin* Eſq; who was on *Sunday February* the twelfth 1682 barbarouſly killed in his own Coach by ſome blood-thirſty outlandiſh Villains, who ſhot five or ſix Bullets into his Belly, whereof he quickly died, and the names of the murtherers now lying in *Newgate*, who have confeſſed the ſame, are as followeth: Capt. *Chriſtopher Furatz* a German, *George Boroskie* a Polander, *John Stern* a German *Frederick Harder*, and *Amien Berg*, acceſſaries. To the Tune of *Troy Town*.

BRITISH MUSEUM



COme and aſſiſt my trembling Pen,
while I endeavour to explain
The bloody minds of cruel men,
That will no wickedneſs refrain,
But bloody Humors to fulfill,
Innocent blood they daily ſpill.

Now my ſad ſtory I'le begin,
The like I think you ne'r did hear;
How that Renowned Squire Thin
Alas murthered it doth plain appear;
Their bloody minds for to fulfill,
This ſquire moſt horridly they kill.

On Sunday laſt this Gentleman
Clear of all Scandals or Reproach,
At ſeverall places he had been
With Noble Monmouth in his Coach,
This worthy perſon thought no ill,
Whilſt Villians fought his blood to ſpill

And thus they paſs'd the Streets along
Till ſeven or eight a Clock at night,
Then great Monmouth would be gone
In whom ſo much he did delight,
Poor ſoul he little thought of ill,
while villains fought his blood to ſpil.

rope.

e Life,
e.



...our grave they do plant
...t pe'r be an honest man;
...ver ambition fland;
...honour and renown,
...ties in the grave.
...ne'r be your flame,
...lf to a dame,
...prefer beds my life,
...a handsome wife:
...hout control to age,
...t will lye.

And that close Wainscot-room shall my body confine;
Who valued not women, but loved good wine;
To Bacchus I'le surely be a Sacrifice,
And ne'r be intangled by Ladies fair eyes;
Whose delight is to see men to sigh and to mourn,
And their eyes they do feast when they see men forlorn.

What a fool is that man that will bow & will cringe
To beauty, so he doth his freedom infringe;
And whilst he might live and for ever be free,
Himself he deprives of his chief Liberty;
His rest it is lost and his spirits do fall,
He's a foe to himself and doth build his own Goal.

Then give me the Lad that will swim in the Bottle,
And not in salt water like bex'd Aristotle;
For had he but then been acquainted with Sack,
His Judgment in tides he never would lack;
When he by his study his brains did confound,
He leapt in the Ocean, and there he was drown'd.

But this Liquor of Life which I so much commend
To e'ry true Toper, will prove a true friend,
And wash from his heart all his [illegible]
And Poverty keep him from [illegible]
Then who can but love this [illegible]
That makes noblest [illegible]

If the mind be distress'd, take this [illegible]
And you'l find in a moment [illegible]
If your grief or sad mourn for [illegible]
This Liquor undoubtedly [illegible]
Is good for all Men, and in every [illegible]
Will keep them from cheats, [illegible]

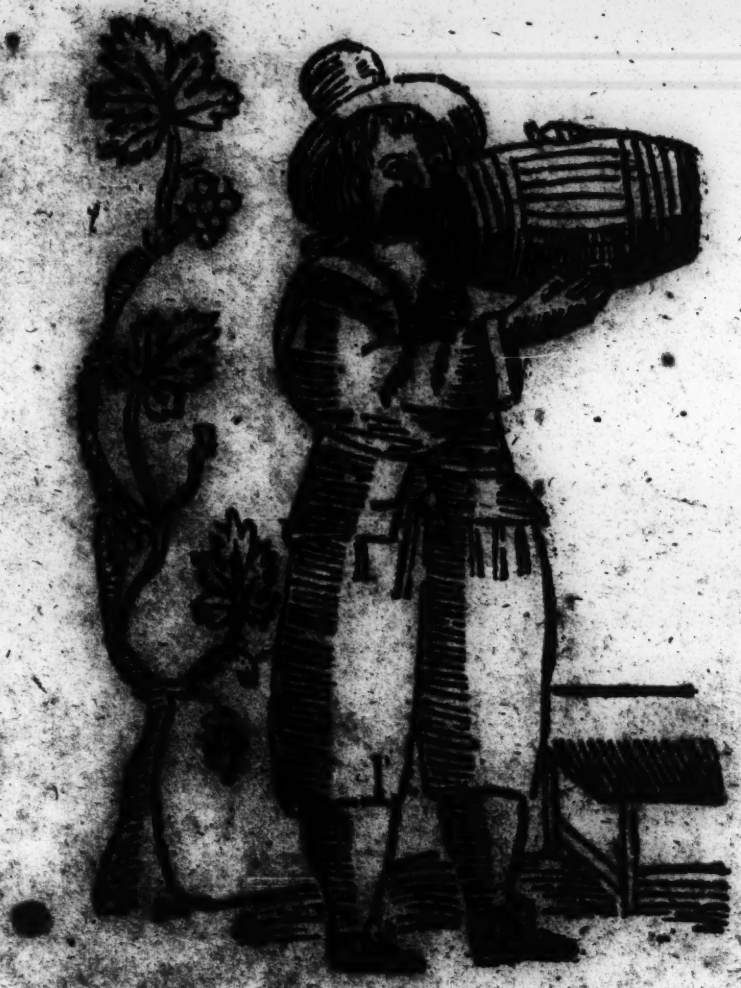
Then [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

The Merry Boys of Euro

No Liquor like the brisk Canary,
It makes the dull Soul blith and merry;
It helps the Back, prolongs the Life,
And is much better then a Wife.

To the Tune of, *Now, now the Fight's done*, &c.

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45. 6. 28. 142.

[illegible] at my Bottle each night for my share,
[illegible] Sisters I'le never take care;
[illegible] merrily and evermore gay,
[illegible] for her sporting and play;
[illegible] look quite as pale
[illegible] long kept in a Gaol.

[illegible] and doth shorten my life,
[illegible] and so will a Wife;
[illegible] of those that you can,
[illegible] jolly young man;
[illegible] I long and never yet,
[illegible] to the Pot.

When our Sences are drown'd in our ey
And our selves do not know what we
Our Wits we conceive are far better
Then to the Sober Fools count her
When a Pot at their Noses up pour
And knocks out the tongue that lies in

Then Beauties farewell, for I ne'r
Sing for your fair looks in my life to
But the Bottle I'le have which I prefer
Put more to my Mouth, and hand
When my thirst it is quit, & my bou
Like Diogenes I'm a Sack-Butt will

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Nay, if a Shoemaker me woo,
his Shop-Thread I can spin;
Although it by my self is said,
there's few our Town within
For all the Arts of Drapistry,
that can each Trade fit for,
And Fifteen years of age am I,
and never a Suitor yet.

The Taylor, Needle I can thread,
if Buttons wrong be required,
Of several Colours, Green or Red,
pleading on his behalf,
That answer can make, cannot be
with many sayings fit;
Yet fifteen, &c.

If that a Mercer marry me,
I can
Cambrick, if Holland or Lawn he be,
Lace Handkerchief, Bands,
And ready for to look the same,
yet fifteen, &c.

If I should be a Goldsmith's wife,
I can with Plummet [illegible]
To know how many Ounces weighed
the Shop bears from the Gentiles;

And know his Compass well,
with many sayings fit;
Yet fifteen, &c.
But yet for all my
great gain
That can be
I shall not
There's not a
but meanest
Yet fifteen, &c.
I am perfect to make
Cambrick
Then a
Lawn
Then fifteen, &c.
For all
Yet fifteen, &c.
If any
Tis
Yet fifteen, &c.
For
and never a Suitor yet.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-ball, near the Hole in the Wall, [illegible]

The more Haſte, the worſt Speed:

OR,

The Unfortunate Maids Complaint in private as ſhe did ſit,
Being Fifteen Years of age, and never a Suitor yet.

To the Tune of, *O no, no, no, not yet:* Or, *What ſhall I do, ſhall dye for love.*

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WHat ever Country Maid perplext,
having both wealth and feature;
By nature things nature directs,
to make a prudent Creature;
Right, when I [illegible] makes me oft
to [illegible]
For Fifteen years of age I am,
and never a Suitor yet.

[illegible] to question I,
[illegible];
[illegible] to live,
[illegible] I shall thy;
[illegible]

[illegible]

Yet Fifteen Years [illegible]

[illegible]

With many other things wherewith,
I could a husband fit;
Yet fifteen, &c.

To Sew and Bake [illegible]
[illegible] by Country [illegible]
[illegible] I [illegible]
To speak of other Trades;
Who through [illegible]
more of a [illegible]
For Fifteen [illegible]

If I [illegible] be a Gentlewoman,
I [illegible] the Bar,
As well as such a Dunmow Frie,
[illegible] a field of Flax;
[illegible]
[illegible]
Yet Fifteen years of age am I,
and never a Suitor yet.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Yet fifteen years of age am I,
and never a Suitor yet.

The Second Part, To the same Tune.



But pitty I implore.
  O let some pitty move:
But ah, what is my Error,
  when love thus proves a Terror,
That is the world's bright Mirror,
  and guides the Starry frame:
The flame that's in my breast,
Alas disturbs my rest,
Since I of hopes am dispossest.

Thou Center of my joy,
  the fairest of her kind,
Does still with frowns destroy,
My Bliss by proving Coy,
  whilst Love torments my mind;
And scorches me in pain,
  that I no quiet find:
Pitty some gentle power,
And rain a Golden Shower,
For sure nought else can woo her
  to cool my raging Flame:
Alas, that Gold should prove
The Orb that still does move
  the happy Sphere of fair red love.

O'er Hills and Rocks I stray,
  through fields and gloomy shade,
I take my restless way,
To Venus oft I pray,
  to grant me speedy aid,
And pitty my distress,
  or how the cruel Maid:
Whose eyes do Lightning bear,
Which blast me with despair,
And takes me in Loves snare,
  nor can I thence escape:
But struggle there in vain,
And still does suffer pain,
Whilst I to free my self do strain.

Witness ye Founts and Springs,
  Groves, and each pleasant Mead,
Each warbling Bird that sings,
And spreads his airy wings;
  and bleeting flocks that feed:
How cruel the fair Nymph
  to me has ever been:
But Tyrant love no more,
To persecute give o'er,
Keep, keep your darts in store,
  of them there is no need:
For like the Swan, now I,
Toling my last leaden cry,
Which done, I thus lye bottom'd dye.
(He Dies

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Sign of the Golden-Ball, near the Hospital-gate, in West-Smithfield.

The Mournful Shepherd:

OR,

The Torment of Loving, and not being Lov'd again.

A SONG made by a Gentleman who Dyed for his cruel Mistris.

No Torment can be found, no greater pain
Then truly Loving and not Lov'd again;
For thats a strange Disease which Racks the mind,
Still routs the Judgement, and does Reason blind:
Raises a Civil War, distracts the Soul,
Whilst Fancy like a Raging Sea does roul:
The Lovers dreams of nothing but strange Charms
And often thinks his Mistris in his Arms;
But waking finds he did embrace a Shade;
Which all his hopes with it he had Convey'd.

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To a Pleasant New Tune, called, *Con'd Man his Wish Obtain*, &c.

Play'd and Sung at the King's Play-House.



COuld Man his wish obtain,
how happy would he be;
But wishes seldom gain,
And hopes are but in vain,
if Fortune disagree:
Pitty you Powers of Love,
Our Infilicity.

Why should the Fates Conspire,
To frustrate my Desire,
Since Love's the gentle fire
that keeps the World alive:
But me it puts to pain,
My Wishes are in vain,
Nor promise any hope to gain.

I love and still I view,
but dare not tell my mind,
Should I my flames pursue,
I might that Bliss undo,
which is for her design'd:
A Bliss that's far above,
more lasting, rich, and kind;
Though hopes successless prove,
My heart shall ne'r remove,
From wishing of her Love,
in Fortunes Triumph led;
And though she banish me,
If she but happy be,
'twill please my Ghost when I am
(dead

Much like a Tyrant sits
th' insulting Prince of Love,
And with his Arrows hits
Poor Mortals as it fits,
his humour from above;

orinda's lamentation for the loſs of *Amintas*.

inging, who but he,
Gods with harmony?
ing he was gone,
ful Damſel left alone,
alled, *Amintas farewel*: or, *Digbys farewel*.

Invokes the Nymphs to ſing his praiſe,
Whilſt ſhe a Garland weaves, then ends her days;
Reſolving not to ſtay behind her Love,
She being deny'd him here, mounts up above.

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enus ſo fair,
take in the air,
ke,
make,
eateht in loves ſnare.
t time away creep,
ogether keep Sheep,
ſweetly agree,
der a ſhady tree,
old to us give ear,
id'd ſecure from fear,
nd gone,

fe he concluded the year,
hat their paſſer is fled,
Amintas is dead,
I miſs him at night,
t to me ſweet delight
ravenous beaſt,
ight took their reſt,
ht and day,
e,
ntinual feaſt.
hat have heard of his fame
nd forth his name,
y Shepheard ne'r knew,
eſent to their view,
e ſhadow will be,
nt ſome part for to ſee,
iet,
a in it dwell.

And what there is wanting ſhall be made up in me.
His cheeks red and white being free from all paine,
And his looks ſo divine you would think him a Saint;
A language ſo free, and ſo pleaſant a voice,
That I thought my ſelf bleſt when I made him my choice;
When he ſung all the world did admire that ſong,
All ſorts for to hear him together did throng,
His body ſtrait and tall,
Which ſomething beſt of all,
Which ſhall be nameleſs for fear you ſhould long;
His muſick ſo ſweet that it ravisht each ſoul,
All creatures that hegrd it his loſs do condole,
But I moſt of all do lament for my dear,
Who ne'r can enjoy my ſelf whilſt I live here;
Two hearts once united by Loves laſting bands,
Can ne'r be divided by deaths cruel hands;
though he be gone before,
he has my heart in ſtore,
Hark, Hark, he calls, I'le obey his commands.
I come, oh, I come, my Amintas, my love,
My body I'le leave here in this pleaſant Grove,
This little ſharp knife to my heart I will ſend,
To tell it 'tis time to make haſt to its friend;
Some kind Nymph will bury me when I am dead,
And that my true ſoul to my Shepherd is fled,
Now all the world adieu,
My deareſt I'le purſue,
This Garland ſhall crown my Amintas his head.

W. P.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

The musical Shepeherdess, or, *Dorind*

Amintor all Arcadia's Glory was,
A youth so sweet that all he did surpass.
But Times all mowing Sith this flower did cut,
Fate to his days hath the last period put:

For musick, and for singing
Was fit to help the Gods w
His fair *Dorinda*, seeing he
And she poor mournful Da

To a pleasant New Tune, called,





Adieu to the Pleasures and follies of Love,
For a passion more noble my fancy doth move,
My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,
The sorrowful notes of Amintas his name,
The Wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me complain
Thou never shalt see thy Amintas again,
For death hath befriended him,
Fate hath defended him,
None, none, alive is so happy a Swain.
You Shepherds and Nymphs that have danc'd to his lays,
Come help me to sing forth Amintas his praise,
No Swain for the mirtle durst with him dispute,
So sweet were his notes whilst he sung to his Lute,
Then come to his Grave and your kindness pursue,
To weave him a Garland of Cypress and Yew,
For Life hath forsaken him,
Death hath o're taken him,
No Swain again will be ever so true.
Then leave me alone to my wretched estate,
I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late,
You ecchoes and fountains my witnesses prove
How deeply I sigh for the loss of my Love,
And now of our Pan whom we chiefly adore
Why favour I never will cease to implore
That now I may go above,
And there enjoy my Love,
And live more happy then ever before.
But if that old God should my wishes deny,
My Soul through the clouds to my dearest shall fly,
And swift that the Fury shall not restrain
Me from the delights of so happy a Swain.

Ile send my Petitions to Venus so
To secure my flight which I take
Surely she'l pitty take,
And Lovers happy make,
For she her self has been catcht
How pleasantly did our blest time
When Amintas and I did together
His musick and mine did so sweetly
When we sat in the dale under a sh
The pritty Lambs feeding did to u
And the dainty young kids lid'd set
But now he is dead and gon
And I am left alone,
In the Spring time of life he co
Now the flocks do lament that thei
But I more am griev'd that Amin
They miss him all day, but I miss
To them he gave safety, but to me
All day free from danger of ravene
They fed securely, and at night too
But I miss him night and
Now he is fled away,
His lips were to me a continual
You pritty kind Nymphs that have
I beg your assistance to sound forth
But if there be any that my Shep
His picture I'le draw and present to
Though not half so lively the shado
Yet I know twill be pleasant sports
Apollo I'le compel,
To help me to

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alth ,

him happy days,
ak his praiſe ;
ore will be
at enmity.

the Senate of Scotland,
Biſhops ne'r got land.

to boon Heraclitus,
ſpittle inviot us ;
uality fought us,
es waſte us :
on to all that are for it,
ings that abhor it ;
ays of Reuners,
teſtant Joyners.

r late trouble,
on them double ;
of meer loyale devotion,
up commotion :
drink his Bumper,
louſe a Bumper :
remember,
of November.

, let us carrouſe it,
th the bouſe yet ;
r ſome evil
at ſtill have been civil :
fill up our Glaſſes,
things without Laſſes
things diſtreſſible,
nelian Reſemble.

Make twenty new faces, and all to diſguiſe 'um,
Yet from ſedition none e'er can divide 'um ;
Here's to the Confuſion of Plots and all Plotters,
And here's a good health to him that ne'r alters ;
Come let it go round, and fill each man his Bumper,
For he's no good diver that firſt en't a ſwimmer ;
And here's to our happineſs that we ſee dawning,
In ſpight of the Plots that Geneva is hatching.

A Fig for their policies, they ſhall ne'r fright us,
Do all what they can they ſhall never more bite us ;
For Oliver now and bold Bradſhaw are rotten,
Tho' their curſt names they ſhall ne'r be forgotten.
Here's a health to all Cavaliers that ne'r were turn-coats,
We'l drink it in ſpight of the Pope and his Anti-thoats ;
Or in ſpight of thoſe Rebels that envy our bleſſing,
Who once more our Land would to fain be poſſeſſing.

Here's a health to the Burghers who ſtill in their choices,
For eminent Loyalties do glibe their voices ;
And will not be Bam'd to injuſtifie better Patriots,
Who fear no Ceiling Landlords who for it muſt come to.
To the Prince and the Princeſs of Orange come fill it,
To the brim let it run for he longer have power ſtill it,
Not forgetting the reſt of the Royal Branches,
We'l drink our bluſh Wine till each his Soul drenches.

Here's a health to all thoſe that empeſts their good Neighbours,
And paſs to the end as they make their Journeys,
Come fill it away Boys, and let us be merry :
We'l drink each his Bumper, and never be weary :
And no true Subject we'l ſure miſs of it,
For this is the way that we always ſhall do it ;
Come all it again to the ruine of Rumpers,
I'le make no ſcruple to turn off three Bumpers.

Welcome all you Loyaliſts though the Times murmur
Talk about nothing to keep all this clutter ;
In ſpight of the Plots of Jack Presbyter Knave,
We will live merry, and will regard him never,
Although they Tory or Tantivy name us,
We care not a pin, there's none dare miſs us,
We'l drink to the King and his Loyal Subjects,
And to all thoſe that prove Loyal Projects.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, neer the Hoſpital-Gate
in VVeſt-ſmithfield.

The Oxford Heal

OR,

The Jovial Loyalist:

A New Song.

We will be loyal and Drink off our Wine,
Though Pope or Presbyter should both repine;
No State-affairs shall e're turmoil our brain,
Let those take care to whom they appertain:

We'l love our King, and wish him h
And drink to all that dayly speak his
We'l loyal prove, and evermore will
With Plotter and their Plots at en

To the Tune of, On the Bank of a River: Or, Packington's Pound.



Here's a health to the Duke and the
And to all Honest Men that from

Here's a health to L'Estrange, and to
A fig for those Whigs that for
Not forgetting those that continually
For Loyalty still to our King does
Here's a health to our Church, and
A shame take all Papists and Whigs
Safe may she be still from new ways
And Justice be done to true Protestant

Let all the contrivers of this our late
Have their reward as hath been
Here's a health to the
Does tend to naught else but
Come round let it go boys, let
To all honest Men that
The thirtieth of January let us
And let it be joyn'd to the fifth of

Here's a health to all Loyallists, let
For why there is wine to be had in
Here's to all those who yet never
Of Church or State, but that
Come let it go round boys, and fill
Shall now be more ready then
Let Hypocrites who are in all things
And by changing shapes the Camelian

45.
6. 26
1453.

Here's a health to the King and his lawful Successors,
Fanatick, Tories, and Loyal Sufferers:
That plotted Seditions,
Confusion, and the Seditions:
Queen and her Ladies of Honour,
Plots upon her:

f Wit

Thrifty,

give him Praiſe;
icked Crime,
ws to turn in time;
uns himſelf clear out,
d, then Wit is out.



ey'l ſtagger f'th ſtreet,
an they meet,
ſcorn to do ſo,
friend ſcorn their Foe.

the ſame way,
and by day,
ſhilorens loans ſerv'd,
ey alwaies were ſtarv'd:
y thing ſhe did lack,
nd before pay her back:
ould her afford,
nd ſpend like a Lord.

ſted my ſore,
man body poor,
as I have ſpent,
o nought content:
ery with me,
ſhe paid for't too free,
ſhe us'd me ro'th like,
wife.

At laſt I conſider'd, and did think in my mind,
How to my own family I had been too unkind,
Which troubles my conſcience to think on the ſame,
That with drinking and ſwilling I was much to blame;
My Children was bare and hard they did fare,
And I of their Miſery never took care,
But now I'le begin for to live a new life,
And take pains to maintain both my Children and wife.

For I to the ale-houſe have been too kind,
Which to my undoing I plainly do find,
My poor little children are fallen into want,
Which grieves me to ſee them, full ſore I repent,
That I had ſuch fortune for to be ſo led,
With drunken Companions which cauſ'd me be bad,
But he runs a long Race, that ne'r has an end,
I'le make much of my money that God does me ſend.

I'le be careful of my Children and make much of my wife,
And provide meat and drink for to preſerve their life,
That little that's left I hope to make it more,
With taking of pains, and with working full ſore:
And ale-wives go hang themſelves with what they have got,
No more of my Money ſhall fall to their lot,
I have ſow'd my wild Oats, and I will take more care,
Of drunken Companions that made me to fare.

It is a brave thing when a winter comes cold,
To have ſomething in ſtore, with that a man may be bold,
Either Land men or Sea-men what ever they be;
All young men conſider, be ruled by me,
For Bottles and top pipes will fill you no Beer,
No longer then your money laſts you may ſpend,
For I my own ſelf have found it too true,
Which makes me to ſpeak, for what I ſpent I do rue.

Since I took a good courſe and forſaken the way,
With my wife and my Children there is enough to be had,
But while I kept drinking and looſing my time,
All my whole Houſhold was ready to pine,
But it is a long day that ne'r has an end,
Therefore all good fellows be ruled by a friend,
Keep money in your pockets and good cloaths to your back,
Drink to do your ſelves good, but take heed of a Crack.

Now in the Concluſion, that man is well bleſt,
That lives ſober, and quietly, and ſuppreſs Drunkenneſs,
He never will be out of credit with his wife,
If God give him a bleſſing he's free from all ſtrife,
It is a brave thing if a man to take pains,
If he works ne'r ſo hard it be bring home the gains;
Therefore take this counſel I pray you of mine,
He's a penny well beſtow'd, he that takes up in time.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Guilt

Two-penny-worth of W

For a PENNY:

OR,

The Bad Husband Turn'd T

BRITISH MUSEUM

This Man that wrought his own decay,
And ſpent his Money night and day;
Is turn'd ſo ſaving I do Swear,
There's few that with him can compare:
And lives ſo Civil in his ways,

That all his Neighbours give him
And does Repent his wicked Cr
And deſires Good Fellows to tu
There's many a Man Runs himſ
When Ale's in his Head, then

To the Tune of, *Packingtons Pound.*







ALL Company-Keepers come hear what I ſay,
'Tis a Notable Song if you pleaſe for to ſtay,
It will Learn you good counſel, be rul'd by a Friend,
If you go to an Alehouſe your money to ſpend:
For Four-pence or Six-pence, you may ſpend I do ſay,
If you call any higher it is all thrown away;
Then Barnaby will begin for to work in your head,
There's many does forget that their Children want Bread.

Obſerve a good hour and looſe not your time,
If you meet with a friend that you needs muſt go drink,
I adviſe you to take this counſel of mine,
Keep well in your Noddle and your Pockets ſome Chink:
Then your wife will be pleaſed, your Children glad,
And a great deal of comfort there will be to be had:
But if you ſpend all your money and make your ſelf poor,
Then your Rent will be wanting you'l be turn'd out of doors.

To ſee ſome men when they are got full of Drink,
What a Beaſtly condition it is we may think,
They'l tumble i'th dirt, and they'l ſtag
And affront e'ry man and woman they
That when they are ſober will ſcorn t
For they hardly can know their friend f

For I my own ſelf have been in the ſam
And waſted my money by night and by
And never did think how my Children
Till neighbours did ſay that they alwa
If my wife chance to ſay that any thing
I would call her baſe whore, and beat
That was the beſt comfort I could her
Then I out to the Ale-houſe, and ſpend

I ſold all my goods, and I waſted my
And at the long run I was grown bar
A hundred and fifty good pounds I ha
As long as any was left I could procure
My Pockets ſhe would be ſo merry with
When I call'd in for Liquor and paid
And with flattering and Kiſſing
Thus I like a villain

The Duke begat a Prince,
the Prince a King of hope,
The King begat the Emperor,
the Emperor got the Pope.
The Pope begat a Fryer,
the Fryer begot the Nun,
And so you may hear
how their Pedigrees begun,
Tis a well twin'd wheelband,
the like whereof you never heard,
But now shall plainly understand,
the twineing of this wheelband.

The Nun she chanc'd to slumber,
and laying bare her Mump,
The ball'd pate Fryer bob'd her
and so begat a Monk.
The Monk begat a Daughter
who could both lye and huff,
She married to a Barrister,
and quickly got a Ruff.
So twin'd &c,

The Ruff it took good counsel,
good counsel got a Fee,
The Fee begot a Serjant,
that rung the Prompter.
The Serjant got a triple cap
which a good Lawyer lov'd,
By getting Case and Gout,
he once more got a child.
So twines &c.

A Dog he got a Bayliff,
who Cerbrus like could roar,
And bayly hunt about the Lawn
to terrify the poor,
The Bayliff got a Turnkey,
the Turnkey got a Jayler,
Who hell-hound like do suck the blood
of those the Duns do hail there.
So twines &c.

The Jayler got an under Sheriff,
the under got an upper,
Who can fright a Country town
by shaking of his crupper,
He married to a Virgin
that was of fame renown,
And plying on her briskly
begot a Scarlet Gown,
So twin'd &c.

The Gown it got a Merchant
who sending Ships to Sea,
By bringing o'r uncustom'd Goods
grew rich immediately,
He striveing of a Boat swaining wife,
a brave Lieutenant got,
Who became a Captain
by fighting very hot,
So twin'd &c.

The Captain got a Collonel,
the Collonel he was tall,
And by leaping [illegible]
became a General,
The General [illegible]
in pursuit of fame,
And in a little space
begot a Dreadful name,
So twined &c.

And thus may you see how
from the first Adams time
The Heavens have ran round
as the Sun hath run about,
From the lowest to the highest
and then back again,
In continual motion
this Wheelband may remain,
So merrily twin'd the wheelband
the well twined wheelband,
By this you may plainly understand
the twineing of this wheelband.

Printed for J. Conyers in Duck-lane.

The POPES Pedigree:

Or, the twineing of a Wheelband, shewing the rise and first Pedigrees of Mortals inhabiting beneath the Moon. Being a most pleasant and new Song.

BRITISH MUSEUM

It is a well twined Wheelband, || *But now shall plainly understand*
The like whereof you never heard, || *The twineing of the Wheelband.*
To a pleasant new Tune, Or, London *is a brave Town.*

The Fryer





A Beggar got a Beadle,
a Beadle got a Yeoman,
A Yeoman got a Prentice
a Prentice got a Freeman,
A Freeman got a Master,
a Master got a Lass,
On her was got a Gentleman
a Justice of the Peace.
So twin'd the Wheelband,
the well twin'd Wheelband,
The like whereof you never heard
the twineing of the Wheelband.

The Justice he was rich
and noble in estate,
He married with a Lady,
and so begat a Squire,
The Squire got a Knight
who his Country quite forsook,
To travel into France
and there begat a Duke.
So twin'd the Wheelband,
the well twin'd wheelband,
The like whereof you never heard
the twineing of the wheelband.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

The Merchant that Roves with labour and pain,
Though tempeſts and ſtorms much treaſure to gain,
His ſorrow forgets, when his Love he doth meet,
And proſtrates himſelf and his wealth at her feet:
No Mortals on earth, &c.

To think of the torments a Lover goes through,
And how every hour his ſorrows renew;
But though he each minnute a Martyr muſt be,
Yet a ſmile from his Love will ſet him quite free:
No Mortals on earth, &c.

Nay though a bright virgin moſt ſcornful will prove,
And ſeems to diſdain all the powers of Love;
Yet when all alone with her Lover ſhe be,
She thinks that no Empreſs ſo happy as ſhe:
No Mortals on earth, &c.

The Grave and the Sage who blames a young heir,
Much wondring how he for a Nymph can deſpair;
When he ſees a brisk Girl, though one foot in the Grave,
He no greater pleaſure deſires to have:
No Mortals on earth, &c.

All the great Hero's that mighty did prove,
Firſt took their brave Courage from powerful Love;
Though daily in ſorrow, and ever in pain,
The thoughts of his deareſt revives him again:
No Mortals on earth, &c.

The ruſtical Clown that lives conſtant in care,
A ſmile from his Betty will make him to ſwear;
No Monarch on earth ſo happy can be,
Though Mountains of treaſure he daily do ſee:
No Mortals on earth, &c.

Then let every Monarch and ruſtical Clown,
Diſband all falſe joys, and in Love now lye down;
For there are no joys that we Mortals can ſhew,
But conquering Love that all Monarchs ſubdue:
No Mortal on earth ever wretched cou'd prove,
If ſtill while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, and I. Clarke.

The Power and Pleaſure of Love:

BRITISH MUSEUM

Is here deſcrib'd an Antidote of joy,
Againſt all grief, which doth the heart annoy;
For the greateſt Monarch, Clown, and Fool,
Loves power doth conquer, and keeps all in rule:
And thoſe who Love, and kind and conſtant be,
Live in a continued Extaſie;
But thoſe who do in ſorrows conſtant dwell,
Were ne'r in Love, and can't it's pleaſure tell.

To a new Play-Houſe Tune: Or, *All joy to fair Pſyche, &c.*

With Al



45.
6. 28.
1505.

ALL joy to fair Pſyche in this happy place,
And to her great Maſter, who her ſhall embrace;
May never his Love nor her Beauty decay,
But be warm as the ſpring, and ſtill freſh as the day:
No Mortals on earth ever wretched cou'd prove,
If ſtill while they liv'd they'd be always in love.

There's none without Love, ever happy can be,
Without it each Brute were as happy as we;
The knowledge men boaſt of, do nothing but vex,
And their wandring thoughts their minds do perplex:
No Mortals on earth, &c.

Loves ſighs and his tears are mixt with delights,
But were he ſtill peſter'd with cares & with frights;
Shou'd a thouſand more torments a Lov
In one happy moment they'd fully be paid
No Mortals on earth, &c.

Then loſe not a moment, but in pleaſure
Your youth requires Love, let it fully en
For a moment once loſt will always be ſo,
Then make no delay, but to plundering g
No Mortals on earth, &c.

No pleaſure like that when true hearts d
'Tis ſweet all the day, and more pleaſant
Nay one of her ſmiles, and her balmy wh
Would conquering Mars in a moment co
No Mortals on earth, &c.





But alas! Tempestuous Weather,
Wind and Rain, & Stormes together,
thus the raging Seas did rage;
Quoth he, my dear, I greatly fear,
that I shall never see thee more.

Thus the Claps of roaring Thunder,
Rais'd the waters in a storme amazed
they heard fall upon the Sands,
The Ship was lost, & no help was seen
they being many Leagues from Land.

Thus their ghastly Ship did lie,
Nothing that they had was saved
but the lives of only three;
Wo on those, may grief therefore,
to think of their Extremities.

Whilst their grief they were expressing
heavens now both sent a blessing,
for a Ship that sailed by,
Which did see them, and did save them
from that woful Distress.

They were bound for London City,
Where they found their true loves gone,
thus they did declare themselves,
That William he, was drowned,
which made her heart to bleed.

O my heart Love, Peggy,
Cannot I [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
can you [illegible]

O ye Mariners [illegible]
you have [illegible]
[illegible]
O cruel [illegible]
thus he [illegible]

When the Mariners [illegible]
all her [illegible]
[illegible]
when he [illegible]
love I [illegible]

Printed for J. Deacon, at the [illegible] in Guilt-spur-Street.

The Seaman's adieu

to his pritty BETTY:

Living near WAPPING;

OR,

A Pattern of true Love, &c.

Sweet William to the Seas was preſt,
and left his Love behind;
Whilſt ſhe her ſorrows oft expreſt
and blam'd the fates unkind.
To the Tune of, Tender hearts, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM





Sweet William and pretty Betty,
they were loving, kind, and pritty;
[illegible] could be more true,
[illegible] they vow'd croſs,
[illegible] declare to you.

[illegible] commanded,
[illegible] to withſtand it,
[illegible] on Shore;
[illegible] lamented,
[illegible] therefore.

Do be, my dearest, ceaſe thy weeping
Perhaps I may thee ſtill in keeping,
for if I return unto;
here is my hand, by Sea and Land,
no creature ſhall my Love deprive.

Thus with ſighs and tears they parted
She to him was Loyal hearted,
but her tears could not prevail;
She was left, of Joy bereft,
for then the Ship was under Sail.

45. b. 20 1464

My trade it still will hold
this I am certain,
A good Husband I will be
my dearest darling,
I am of *Crispins* trade
a brave Shoemaker,
He loved a princess dear
and ne'r forsak't her,

Nor i'le not thee forsake
my dearest Betty,
Thy smiling countenance
shineth so pretty,
If I five thousand pound
had in my keeping,
Thou shouldst it all command
my dearest sweeting.

So if thou canst but find
in heart to love me,
Speak freely now thy mind
as it behooves thee,
Speak freely from thy heart
if thou wilt have me,
And to thee i'le prove true
as God shall save me.

The Maids loving reply.

My love and only dear,
I joy to see thee.
For when you absent were
oh! how it did grieve me,
Both day and night i'le swear
I thought upon thee,
I wondred in my heart
what was come on thee.

The Young man.

These five long years my dear
thou know'st I wander,
In City and in Town
like any stranger,
And am return'd again
once more to try thee,
How can'st find in thy heart
for to deny me.

The Maid.

Well seeing thou art returnd
thou art welcome to me,
By all the powers above
i'le not forgoe thee,
Though Father frown at me
and mother murmour,
All the friends that I have
shall not part's in sunder.

Because I find thee plain
in words and speeches,
You tell me that you have
no store of riches,
Be to maintain my dear
be not thou fearful,
I have five hundred pound
if thou will be careful.

Therefore be not dismaid
but be contented,
All the friends that I have
shall not prevent it,
But I will be thy wife
and will endeavour
To lead a quiet life
with thee for ever,

The Young man.

Oh! how my heart with joy,
my dear hath filled,
Because to my request
kindly thou yielded,
Now we will live in peace
and love together,
As the old Proverb goeth,
like birds of a Feather.

Thus you may plainly see
that time and leisure,
Many things brings to pass
therefore Endeavour.
Young men prove constant still
maids do not dissemble,
And then you need not fear
for to live single.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in West Smithfield.

The Shooemakers Delight: Or

A New Dialogue betwixt a *West Country* Shooemaker & his Love.

Who after five years Travel for her ſake
He back return'd and ſhe amends did make,
For after he to her had told his mind
She ſeemed not at all to him unkind,
Young men & maids then read theſe lines and ſee
How they in love did lovingly agree.

To the Tune of, When Soll *will caſt no light.*



ON Midſummer day as I
abroad was walking,
A young man and a maid
I heard a talking.
Near to a shady Grove
flowers were ſpringing,
And the brave Nighting-gale
ſweetly was ſinging.

The youngman brisk and bold
thus fell to woeing,
And with his fair maid
fain would be doing,
With ſpeeches meek and mild
and kind entreating,
Saying his heart would break
if ſhe forſake him.

My joy and only dear
pray thee believe me,
If thou wilt be my wife
I'll ne're deceive thee

No store of means I have
I tell thee plainly,
But i'le work day and night
for to maintain thee.

What I do promiſe thee
ſhall be performed,
By no one in the world
thou ſhalt be wronged.
Ile venture life or Limbs
for thee my Jewell,
Then be not thou unkind
nor prove not cruel.

I am not one of thoſe
that keeps a bragging,
And of their houſe and land
their tongues are wagging,
My love is faithful bent
then be contented,
If thou wilt be my wife
thou't ne'r repent it.

She that from him was sent away
knew nothing of his dying day
But constant still she did remain
to love the dead was then in vein.

After he had in grave been laid
a month or more unto this maid,
He comes about middle of the night
who joy'd to see her hearts delight.

Her Fathers House which well she knew
her mothers head and safeguard too,
He brought with him to testifie
her parents order he came by.

Which when her unckle understood
he hop't it would be for her good,
And gave consent to her straightway
that with him she should come away.

When she was got her love behind
they pass'd as swift as any wind,
That in two hours or little more
he brought her to her Fathers door.

But as they did this great haste make
he did complain his head did ake,
Her Handkerchief she then took out
and tyed the same his head about.

And unto him she thus did say
thou art as cold as any clay,
When we come home a fire we'l have
but little dream't he went to Grave.

Soon were they at her Fathers door
and after she ne'r see him more,
He set the Horse up then he said
and there he set this harmless maid.

She knockt and strait a man he cryed
whose there, 'tis I, she then replyed,
Who wondred much her voice to hear
and was possest with dread and fear.

did tell, and then
he stare'd like an affrighted man,
Down straight ran, and when he see her
cry'd out my Child how came'st thou here.

Pray Sir did you not send for me
by such a messenger said she
Which made his hair stare on his head,
as knowing well that he was dead.

Where is he then to her he said
he's in the stable quoth the maid,
Go in said he and go to bed
i'le see the horse well littered.

He stare'd about and there could she
no shape of any mankind see,
But found his horse all on a sweat
which made him in a deadly fret.

His Daughter he said nothing to
nor no one else though well they knew,
That he was dead a month before
for fear of grieveing her full sore.

Her father to his Father went
who was dereal'd, with this intent
To tell him what his daughter said
so both came back unto this maid.

They ask'd her and she still did say
twas he that then brought her away,
Which when they heard they were amaz'd
and on each others strangle grip'd.

A Handkerchief she said he tyed
about his head and that they tryed,
The Sexton they did speak unto
that he the grave would then undoe.

Affrighted then they all beheld
his body rotting into mould,
And though he had a month been dead
this Kerchief was about his head.

This thing unto her then they told
and the whole truth they unfolded,
She was thereat so terrified
and grieved she quickly after dyed.

Part not true love you Maids nowadays
nit if they be right plain says
Your hearts as hers give them away
for fear of parting as they do.

London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. C[illegible]

141

The Suffolk Miracle.

OR

A Relation of a young man who a Month after his death appeared to his ſweetheart and carryed her behind him Fourty miles in two hours time, and was never ſeen after but in the Grave.

To the Tune of, My bleeding heart, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM



A Wonder ſtranger ne're was known
than what I now ſhall treat upon,
In Suffolk there did lately dwell
a Farmer rich and known full well.

He had a Daughter fair and bright
on whom he plac'd his chief delight,
her beauty was beyond compare
ſhe was both vertuous and fair.

A young man there was living by
who was ſo charmed with her eye,
that he could never be at reſt
he bore ſuch love to maiden preſt.

He made addreſs to her, and ſhe
did promiſe him Love inſuedately,
which when her Father came to hear
diſcarded her and her poor Dear.

Forty miles diſtant was ſhe ſent
unto his brothers with intent,
That ſhe ſhould there ſo long remain
till ſhe had chang'd her mind again.

Hereat this young man ſadly griev'd
but knew not how to be reliev'd,
he ſigh'd and ſob'd continually
that his true love he could not ſee.

She by no means could to him ſend
who was her hearts eſpouſed friend,
he ſigh'd ſhe griev'd but all in vain
for ſhe confin'd muſt ſtill remain.

He mourn'd ſo much that Doctors art
could give no eaſe unto his heart
who was ſo ſtrangly terrified
that in ſhort time for love he dyed.





BRITISH MUSEUM

Lady.

O Pardon me Seaman, for I did not know,
I thought that thy parentage had been but low
But I may requite thee before we do go,
and give me a kiss for a favor.

Seaman.

He took her by the hand and he kissed her twice,
Quoth he, Dearest Lady you have bin too nice
To value my love at no higher a price,
but now I do hope you'l requite me.

Lady.

Well Seaman, I see that thou hast a good heart,
And art compleat man in every part,
If my Father know this, we should suffer smart,
he would be so highly enraged.

Seaman.

If you are but willing for to be my Bride,
My Sword and my Pistol Ile take by my side,
And then to the Church in private will ride,
where we will married fair Lady.

She then gave consent, and away they did ride,
The valiant bold Seaman, and his lovely Bride,
Not fearing of anger or what might betide,
their hearts were united together.

Being married, they back again came speedily;
But rideing along they her Father espy,
Quoth he to the Seaman I vow thou shalt dye,
for deluding away my Dear Daughter.

Come on (quoth the Seaman) 'tis no time to parle,
I see by your Weapons you are for the battle,
With Sword and with Pistol he made him to rattle,
in the place where he gain'd his fair Lady.

He cut him and slasht him, and there he did stand,
Then quoth her Father, hold Seaman, I pray,
If you'l give your Daughter ten thousand in land,
Ile spare you as I am a Seaman.

O Seaman quoth he 'tis a portion too small,
O peace (quoth the Lady) for that shall not be all,
Ile give great riches what ever befall,
because he's a Noble stout Seaman.

They put up their Swords, and at last did agree,
And strait way the Lady did fall on her knee,
And beg'd that her father would not angry be,
although she had married a Seaman.

Her Father unto her was there reconcil'd,
And gave her his blessing as she was a child,
Which made the brave Seaman glad, that he smil'd,
when he see he had gain'd his Lovely Daughter.

They afterwards liv'd in joy and content,
The Lady had never no cause to repent,
They passed their time away in merriment,
and lovingly they lived together.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,* and *T. Passinger.*

The Seamans renown in winning his fair Lady!

Brave Marriners by this you may be[illegible] **with his Sword he curb'd her Fathers choller:**
What 'tis to be a Seaman ſtout and bo[illegible] **ſtore go boldly on when you begin,**
This Seaman won a Lady by his valou[illegible] **know faint-heart did ne'r fair Lady win.**

Tune of, *A*[illegible] *before* Eaſter.

BRITISH MUSEUM





45. b. 28. 1[illegible]63.

THere was a bold Seaman, a ſhip he could ſteer
Of ſuch a brave Seaman you never did hear
And he lov'd a Lady of beauty ſo clear,
and now you ſhall hear of his wooing.

Seaman.

O pitty fair Lady, let pitty thee move,
I'm deep in affection, and toſſed in Love,
And your are my Lady, my Turtle and Dove,
on you I do ſet my affection.

Lady.

O hold your peace Seaman, for that may not be,
For I am match for a higher degree,
And thy blood and my blood can never agree,
then Seaman take this for an anſwer.

Seaman.

O Lady your anſwer doth make me to grieve,
It is true that we all come from Adam and Eve,
One loving word to my Life is a reprieve,
although I am in Cupids Priſon.

Lady.

Oh why ſhould you ſay you'r a priſoner to me,
O hold forbear Seaman, for that may not be,
We both may have matches fit for our degree.
then take this for an Anſwer.

Seaman.

O no, for an anſwer I will it not take,
Although your denial doth make my heart ake,
I'le rather lay down my own life at the ſtake,
to obtain thy good favour ſweet Lady.

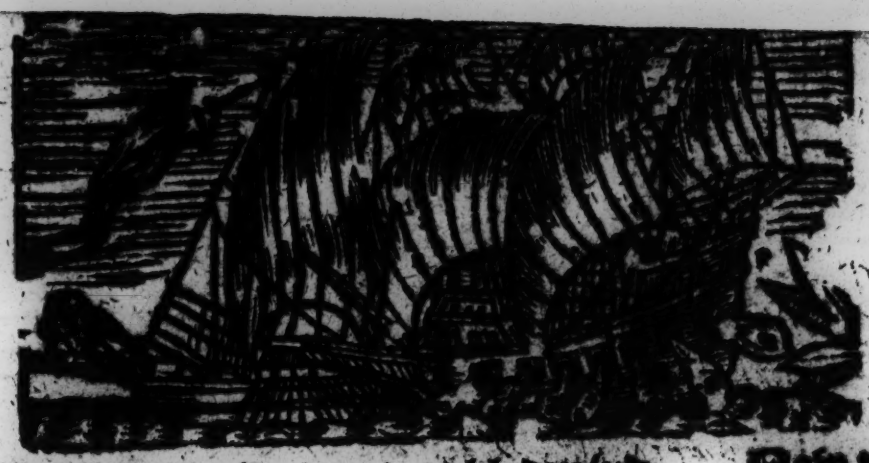
Lady.

It is a meer madneſs thy life to lay down,
For people will ſay there's an end of a Clown,
That paſt many dangers till fortune did frown,
that dy'd like a Prodigal Lover.

Seaman.

The name of a Clown in my heart I do ſcorn,
Being nobly deſcended and a Gentleman born,
Yet I am a Seaman and muſt live forlorn,
unleſs you can love me fair Lady.

de.







No sleep shall give my troubled mind
a comfortable hour,
For while my Love is on the main,
fears do my joys devour:
And ev'ry blast that blows, I fear,
my Love should mourned lye,
But 'tis a grief, beyond relief,
so Love for thee i'le dye.

Ah! cruel Fate, too much unkind,
why dost thou serve me so?
Give ease to my distressed mind,
and banish all my woe:
For I shall never be at rest,
till I my Love do see,
Then gentle wind, be sure be kind,
ne'r part my Love and me.

You stedy Rocks be sure give way,
and let my Love safe by,
for if he should be made your Prey,
in what a case were I:
Or if the waves should cruel prove,
which I ne'r hope to slip,
I should be lost, and strangely crost,
to part my Love and I.

Blow winds and send a happy Gale,
that he may home return:
If thou but fill his prosperous Sail
I need no longer mourn:
My happiness will be compleat,
when first I chance to see,
Now I lament, in discontent,
since Fate parts him and me.

You powerful Stars that Mortals rule,
mind but my sad complaint,
And send me home my Love again,
that now am like to faint:
I sigh, I pant, I wake, I sleep,
no pleasures can I see,
Since my Delight, is out of sight,
and fate parts him and me.

Printed for J. Bra[illegible]

Now must I blame the cruel wind
that sent my Love away,
O fates, why were you so unkind,
as not to let him stay:
Just in the bud of all my joys,
could you so cruel be,
To banish hence, my Love, my Prince,
and part my Love and me.

Is it in vain to sigh and mourn,
unhappy then am I,
O[illegible]
[illegible]
No, no, I [illegible]
that I may live to see,
Though now oppress, I may be blest,
Heavens bless my Love and me.

The Seaman's Answer.

L[illegible]
[illegible]
Let not your fortune [illegible]
[illegible]
For [illegible]
[illegible]
That [illegible]
[illegible]
Though I [illegible]
[illegible]
Fearing [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
In [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The Seamans ſorowful Bride

See here the conſtant mournful Bride,
In ſorrow doth complain;
For fear her joy and hearts deligh,
Should ne'r return again.
To the Tune of, *Ah! jenny Gin.*

BRITISH MUSEUM



MY Love is on the blackiſh Sea,
and I am on this ſide,
I could weep a poor young creatures
(heart,
that for my love is a Bride:
My dearest love a joyfull Bride,
So pleasant to the eye,
The Holland Land, doth me withſtand,
and part my Love and I.

The Love that I in heart have chose,
Intercepted am I coarent,
The roaring Sea (unjoyned be,
Except I will repent:

But cruel Fate my joys arreſt,
it cannot helped be,
Whilſt I do cry, moſt mournfully,
Fate parts my Love and me.

O gentle Neptune be ſo kind,
to ſend him back again,
He ne'r will be out of my mind,
that now hath crost the Main:
Oh pearles Bride, ſo ſoon to looſe
the pleaſure of thine eye,
But rigid fate, my bliſs doth hate,
and parts my Love and I.

My *Jenny* ne'r make a Din,
but let us gang play,
Since that thou art so neat and trim
upon this Holliday:
I'le give thee ale and spiced cakes,
I, and love the tenderly,
There we' have a merry bout,
And keep a Rebel Rout,
under the Green wood Tree.

Dear Jockey I like it weel,
a little sport to make,
Yet do I fear that after all,
poor Jenny's heart sud ake:
I wad not for a score of pounds,
I should come unto disgrace,
Then pithee Jockey get thee gone,
and leave thy *Jenny* all alone,
in this uncouth place.

O jenny ne'r tell me that,
thy *Jockey's* like a Loon,
Thou needst not for to be afraid,
by Jockey to be borne:
For as I am a lively Lad,
meaning to the bone sly,
I'le give the nothing that is bad,
But the best that can be had,
as *Jenny* shall see.

O Jockey sud I believe,
'tis sure what you say,
And that you will prove *Jenny* leave,
and basely go away:
My *Jenny* I'le pledge my Troth,
ever to thee to be true,
Then believe me what I say,
For I scorn to gang a way,
to make my *Jenny* rue.

Why sud I not now believe,
when dear *Jockey* does swear,
By Bonnet and all that's good,
that e're *Jockey* shall wear:
Then let us gang learn my dear,
and be merry there a while,
I love thee heartily my Joy,
Thou art the onely Boy,
on whom *Jenny* shall smile.

My *Jenny* thou chear'st my heart,
I give thee my consent,
Thy *Jockey* shall never part,
but prove *Jenny* content:
A Coranto Gallant we'll foot
all the top this merry night, I trow:
And the moon we'll gaily watch,
Where I'le lye my *Jenny* smack,
as soon as day light.

Thus *Jockey* and Jenny both,
agreed to go home,
For *Jockey* he thought it long
to have *Jenny* in bed:
Next morning to the Kirk they
finely hyed to be
And all their time after
Living free and void of strife,
in their own Country.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden-ball*, in *West-smithfield*.

The Scotch Wooing: Or,

JOCKEY *of the* Lough, *and* JENNY *of the* Lee:

Jockey *Wooes* Jenny, *for to be his Dear,*
But Jenny *long time is in mickle fear;*
Least Jockey *should be falſe or prove unkind,*
But Jockey *put that quite out of her mind,*
So that at length they fairly did agree,
To ſtrike a Bargain up, as you ſhall ſee.

To the Tune of, *Jockey's gone to the Wood.*

BRITISH MUSEUM



D*Eare* Jockey's gone to the AWood
and Deare Jenny's gone thro,
Dear Jockey *Wooes* Jenny for to be his Dear,
But Jenny *long time is in mickle fear;*
Least Jenny *ſhould be falſe or prove unkind,*
Jenny *in her heart did love,*
Jockey Jenny *ſtately me:*
Then ſaid the *Bonnie* Bonnieſt Girl,
that ever trod on Land,
Jockey's gone to the Wood,
Jockey's ey'n lee.

Dear *Jenny* believe it not,
that thy *Jockey* is untrue,
For I do ſwear by all that's good,
In this pleaſent AWood,
and by Bonnet that's Blew.

O *Jocky* ſhame fall thy Luggs,
for telling like a Tale,
It is not all thy honey words,
are like for to prevail:
For *Jenny* is a harmleſs Laſs,
learning for to be trapann'd,
Altho' that *Jocky* is a Lad,
But maidens are to be gad,
in all this Scotland.

Then never ceale to run that race
which leads to everlasting bliſs,
Amongſt the ſaints to take a place
oh! what encouragement is this,
Who would refuſe that way to chuſe
which leads to bleſt eternity,
From pains and ſorrows to be free.

While in this life to ſome ſo ſweet
all kind of wickedneſs abound,
And with ſuch croſſes we do meet
as all our comforts do confound,
There you ſhall be from paſſion free
and hear no mournings nor complaints
But praiſes ſing amongſt the ſaints.

Infinite joys ſhall them attend
who at that Haven do arrive,
Where God himſelf ſhall be their friend
and nothing ever ſhall deprive
Them of that bliſs, which they muſt miſs
who will not leave their vanity,
But glory in debauchery

That path which to deſtruction leads
and loads the ſoul with heaps of ſin,
To many men more pleaſure breeds,
and they are more delighted in,
Then that which brings all bleſſed things
eternal joy and endleſs peace,
Where bliſs abounds and pains do ceaſe.

But mortal men are always prone
their preſent pleaſures for to chuſe,
Eternal joyes they let alone
and thus by ſin they't ſoul abuſe
What pitty 'tis that men ſhould miſs
that happineſs which coſt ſo dear,
For momentary pleaſures here.

Learn to be wiſe fond man in time
while 'tis to day, your ſins repent
You may be cut off in your prime
and then too late you may lament,
In time return for fear you burn
and in the lake of torments fry
Whoſe flames will burn perpetually.

Printed for F. Cole. T, Vere. J. Wright. J. Clark. W. Thackery. and T. Paſſinger.

THE

Vanity of Vain Glor

With good Advice to thoſe who chuſe
Immediate pleaſures here,

That they no longer ca
The thing which coſt ſo

Tune, *The Gloryes of our birth and State.*

BRITISH MUSEUM





45. b. 28.

THe gloryes of our birth and ſtate,
are ſhaddows not ſubſtantial things
There is no armour againſt our fate
death layes his Icy hands on kings,
Scepter and Crown muſt tumble down
and in the duſt be equall laid,
With a poor crooked ſcith and ſpade.

Some men with ſwords do reap the field
and plant freſh Lawrels where they kill,
But their ſtrong nerues at length muſt yield
they tame but one another ſtill,
Early or late all bend to fate
and muſt yield up their murmouring breath
when they Captiue bodyes to death.

The garland withers on your
then boaſt no more your mi
For on deaths purple Altar no
ſee how the victor victim bl
All heads muſt come to the col
only the Actions of the juſt
Smells ſweet and bloſſoms in t

All things in this poor life are
then for a change let us prep
We muſt ſwim through the ſea o
before we reach that heave
There's joyes in ſtore for ever
and we ſhall be for ever bleſ
From toile and labour then t

e ;

d to run, but ſuch as were ſup-
oon, the ſecond, a ſilver bodkin,
ew Game at Cards.



Nan obtain'd,
kin gain'd ;
quite ſo nimble,
thimble :
laſt of all,
reviſ fall.

Clayton run;
e that won ;
l to you,
ar were blew ;
was the third,
hite upon my word,

A Concourſe great of People were,
For to behold theſe Virgins there,
Who ſo well acted the mans part,
And love a Man with all their heart ;
But what means this, for well we know,
Maids through the Nation all do ſo.

Now let us come to bonny Nan,
Who won a Race once of a man,
In Baſſing-Hall-Street he did dwell,
His Name was Luke 'tis known full well;
And let me now declare to you,
at ſomething elſe ſhe'l beat him too.

Let none the York-ſhire Girls deſpiſe,
Who are ſo Active now a days,
So briſk and nimble they do grow,
That few can match them I do know :
Then let us ſtand up for York-ſhire,
Thoſe Country Girls I love moſt dear.

A York-ſhire Girl who can out-vie,
No City Girls can them come nigh,
They've Roſey Bluſhes in their Cheeks;
While City Girls are Green as Leeks ;
This with my fancy will agree,
A York-ſhire Girl ſhall be for me.

Then here's a Health to a York-ſhire Girl,
For in mine eye ſhe is a Pearl,
Whoſe Beauty doth ſo charm mine eye,
That for her I would freely dye :
Her virtues do her face adorn,
And makes her look freſh as the Morn.

Now to conclude unto my friend;
Theſe Lines I freely Recommend ;
Adviſing him above the reſt,
To Love a York-ſhire Girl the beſt ;
But let him uſe his ſkill for I,
Will love a York-ſhire Girl until I dye.

FINIS

Printed for, I. Wright, I. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Paſſinger.

The Virgin Race

Or, York-ſhires Glory.

Being an Account of a Race lately Run at *Temple-Newſham-Green* ; None being admitted to run
poſed Virgins. The firſt that came to the two Miles Race end, was to have a Silver ſpoon, the
the third a Silver Thimble, and the fourth Nothing at all. Tune is a *New Ga*



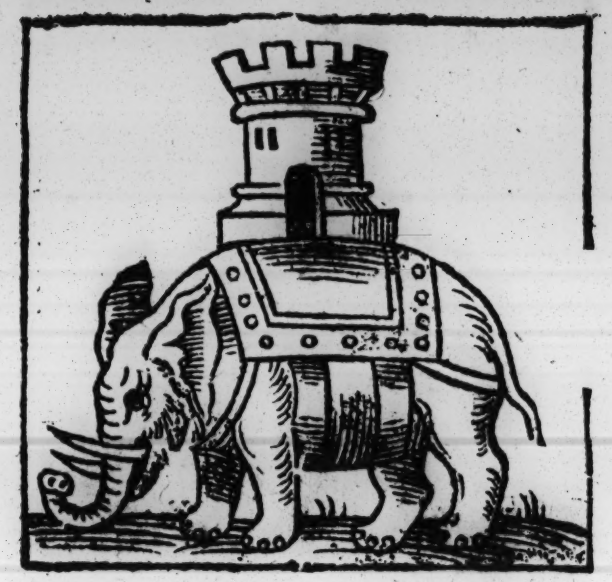


YOu that do deſire to hear,
Of a Virgin Race run in York-Shire,
Come and Liſten, I'le declare,
Such News before you ne'r did hear;
For I think ſince the World begun,
But ſeldom Virgins Races Run.

Four Virgins that ſuppoſed were,
A Race did run I now declare,
Sure ſuch a Race was never ſeen,
As this at Temple-Newſham-Green:
In half-Shirts & Drawers theſe Maids did run,
But Bonny Nan the Race has won.

A Silver Spoon this Nan o
The next a Silver Bodkin g
The third that was not quit
Was to have a Silver Thim
And ſhe that was the laſt
Nothing unto her ſhare did

In Drawers Red Ann Clayto
And ſhe it was the Race that
Pegg Hall as I may tell to po
Did run in Drawers that wer
Honeſt Alice Hall that was
Her Drawers were white





If I should grant you my love to marry
Perhaps you'd wish you did longer tarry
And in one year begin to flout me
And wish that you had gone without me.

Some men do flout their wifes tis certain
And say they might had better Fortune
So this they always frown and Louer
And scarcely live one quiet hour.

The Mans Answer.

Sweet heart my love on thee is fixd
Both night and day I am perplexed
Then prethee do not thou deny me
But come sweetheart and sit down by me

Doubt not sweet heart ile nere offend thee.
My love is true which I pretend thee
Ile not forsake thee for Gold nor Money
Then do not slight me my dearest Honey

Betty blame me not for my Speeches
I do not aim for Gold nor Riches
My heart is fixed without moveing
Sweet Betty be thou kind and loving

Grant but to me thy Love and favour
Both day and night I hard will labour
If that I have but healthy my honey
Thou shalt not want for meat nor Money.

The Maids Answer.

Young men have such a way in woring
Vow and swear they'l still be loving
Yet in one year there is small regarding
Which makes some maids repent their har gain

Yet if I thought your love was constant
Which you pretend now at this instant
Methinks I cannot well deny thee
Because with words you satisfie me.

For what you said I do commend you
And in this cause I will befriend you
Ask but the good will of my Father
And you and I will joyn together.

The Mans Answer.

Oh now thy words it doth revive me
For I did fear thou wouldst deny me
Whiles life doth last ile never forsake thee
Since for my wife I mean to take thee

There is never a Maid in London City
In my conceit is like my Betty
She is so handsome in her favour
I think my selfe ablest to have her.

So to conclude: I wish each Lover
To prove so constant to each other
As those two did of whom I me speaking
There need not be so much heart breaking

FINIS

London printed for F. C
T. Vere, J. Wright, and dales
J. Clark,

The two Faithful

LOVERS, OR

A merry ſong in praiſe of Betty.

Young men and Maids I do intend
To ſing a ſong that's newly pend,
And if you pleaſe to have it out
Twill pleaſe your fancies without doubt.

To the tune of the *Amrous Damſel of Briſtol City.*

By T B. With Allowonce.



IN a *May* morning as I was walking
I heard two Lovers together talking
With words ſo ſweet he ſpake unto her
And thus he did begin to woe her.

Said he well met my deareſt *Betty*,
Thou art a Girl that is wondrous pretty,
If I could gain but your love and favour
I'le be thy deareſt love for ever.

Slight not ſweetheart this loving motion
A hundred pound it is my portion,
But if we never enjoy one penny,
True love is better then bags of money.

The Maids Anſwer.

Gods fit your words are kindly ſpoken
But haſty love is ſoneſt broken
Its good for you obſerve your doin
And be not you too quick in woing.

45. b. 28. 150.



When loe Philander came,
with ſoy to ſeek his love,
And her dear Promiſe claim,
while Sun-beams, from above,
Did twinkle through the thickeſt ſhade,
and guild the flowry plain,
When he eſpys,
And ah Phillis cries,
(Not thinking ſhe was ſlain.)

Ariſe, ariſe, from Earth,
ſhake off this dull repoſe,
Phillis my onely mirth,
to thee Philander bows:
Sooner I would have come to thee,
had not a Lyon ſtay'd,
My courſe to ſight,
For which exploit,
he Lifeleſs now is made.

Ah me, what's this! ſhe's Cold,
ye Gods quite Breathleſs too-
Oh Death durſt thou infold,
this beauties not thy due

Alas! O cruel Fate he cry'd,
by her own hand, 'tis well,
Oh the diſmal blow,
That did overthrow,
by Heav'ns for me ſhe fell.

Behold my Garments dy'd,
in Phillis precious blood,
Which falling from my ſide,
made her ſuppoſe me dead:
And therefore fell for love of me,
ah cruel deſtiny,
And ſhall Philander
Live to wander,
No! by the powers I'le dye?

I come my Phillis now,
prepare! for in thy Arms,
I will perform my vow,
a ſleep like death now charm/;
Theſe Cipres wreaths our Cr: wns ſhall be
for'l Triumph over de &
From thy fair Lip,
I'le Nectar ſip,
Even with my latest breath.

With that his fatal Sword he,
he Plungd in his breaſt,
And ſigh'd with dying words
Oh now I am at reſt:
Now Phillis, now for ever mine,
Fate now no more ſhall part,
Then through the Wound
Life paſſage found,
and left the Lovers Heart.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Hoſpi-
tal-Gate, in West-ſmithfield.

The True Lovers Tragedy:

Being an Incomparable Ballad of Gentleman and his Lady.

that both Killed themſelves for Love, under the diſguiſed Names of

Philander and Phillis.

Phillis, *Philanders* ſcatter'd Garment finds
And thinks him ſlain, for which with Fate ſhe joyns,
And with her Fatal Poniard ſtriketh Deep,
As Life no longer can its Station keep;
The Crimſon Streams ſo faſt flowd from her Veins,
Yet Dying, of her Loves dear Loſs Complains:
No ſooner Death had cloſed her Starry Eyes,
But her Return'd *Philander* her eſpyes;
And finding that for him ſhe loſt her Breath,
He kills himſelf, and Crowns his Love with death.

To a New Play-houſe Tune: *Or, Oh! cruel bloody Fate.*



Ah Cruel Bloody Fate,
What canſt thou now do more?
Alas 'tis now too late,
Philander to Reſtore;
Why thou'd the Heavenly Powers perſwade
For Mortals to believe,
That they guard us here,
And reward us there,
Yet all our joys deceive.

Her Poniard then ſhe took,
and held it in her hand,
Then with a Dying look,
cry'd! thus I Fate Command:
Philander! ah my Love I come,
to meet thy Shade below;
Ah! I come ſhe cry'd,
with a Wound ſo wide,
There needs no ſecond Blow.
Then Purple Waves of Blood,
ran ſtreaming down the Flore,
Unmov'd ſhe ſaw the Flood,
and bleſſ'd her Dying hour;
Philander, and Philander ſtill,
the Bleeding Phillis cry'd:
She Wept a while,
and ſhe forc'd a Smile,
then Cloſ'd her Eyes, and Dy'd.

Upon the Blushing Ground,
ſtain'd with her Virgin Blood,
She lay in Deaths deep Swound,
cloſe by the Murmuring Flood:
Which for the Lovely Phillis ſake,
complain'd of cruel Fate,
Which had caus'd ſuch care,
as had wrought deſpair,
I weep it to Relate.





I lay in a Swound three and twenty long year,
fa la, &c.
I lay in a Swound three and twenty long year,
fa la, &c.
I lay in a Swound three and twenty long year,
And when I awak'd I was filled with fear,
with a fa la, &c.

The thing that did fright me I cannot express,
fa la, &c.
The thing that did fright me I cannot express,
fa la, &c.
The thing that did fright me I cannot express,
I saw a Man big as the Tower, no less,
with a fa la, &c.

This Man with the Monument would run away,
fa la, &c.
This Man with the Monument would run away,
fa la, &c.
This Man with the Monument would run away,
But at *Algate* Gilbert they do him stay,
with a fa la, &c.

I got up again and rid to Hide-Park,
fa la, &c.
I got up again and rid to Hide-Park,
fa la, &c.
I got up again and rid to Hide-Park,
And there the Ox did there to sneeze and to fart,
with a fa la, &c.

A top of Pauls Steeple there did I see,
fa la, &c.
A top of Pauls Steeple there did I see,
fa la, &c.
A top of Pauls Steeple there did I see
A delicate dainty fine Apple-Tree,
with a fa la, &c.

The Apples were ripe and ready to fall,
fa la, &c.
The Apples were ripe and ready to fall,
fa la, &c.
The Apples were ripe and ready to fall,
And kill'd seven gunners upon a Stall,
with a fa la, &c.

The blood did run both too and fro,
fa la, &c.
The blood did run both too and fro,
fa la, &c.
The blood did run both too and fro,
Which caused seven Silver-Spurs all for to go,
with a fa la, &c.

I see Pauls Steeple run upon Wheels,
fa la, &c.
I see Pauls Steeple run upon Wheels,
fa la, &c.
I see Pauls Steeple run upon Wheels,
And in the middle of all Moor-fields,
with a fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la la,

BRITISH MUSEUM

Printed for *J. Wright*, *J. Clarke*, *W. Thackeray*, and *T. Passinger*.

TOM Tell-Truth.

All you that will not me believe,
disprove me if you can;
You by my Story may perceive,
I am an Honest Man.
To the Tune of, *Tantara ra ra ra, Tantivee.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

TOM Tell-Truth.



I killed a Man and he was dumb,
fa la la la la la,
I killed a Man and he went home,
fa la, &c.
I killed a Man and he was mute,
And ran to St. Albans without a foot
with a fa la, fa la la la, fa la la la la la la.

I met him wife he run so swift,
fa la, &c.
I met him wife he run so swift,
fa la, &c.
I met him wife he run so swift,
He run and got a Man hitch-Cleft,
with a fa la, &c.



And in his head there was a Spring,
fa la, &c.
And in his head there was a Spring,
fa la, &c.
And in his head there was a Spring,
A thousand great Salamons about there did sing,
with a fa la, &c.

I travelled a Village and rid to White-Hall,
fa la, &c.
I travelled a Village and rid to White-Hall,
fa la, &c.
I travelled a Village and rid to White-Hall,
And under the Gate broke the Horse his Tail,
with a fa, &c.

North.

am none,
m me fled and gone.

h all might and main,
oods fast ty'd in twain;
d and foot was bound,
her hair pin'd to the ground

s'd thee so?
work a Womans woe:
nson he did say,
thou may'st cast us all away

man she did say,
ob'd me by the way:
nd and foot me bound,
y hair pin'd to the ground.

th all his might and main,
nson he cut in twain;
ly plucked he,
ecresse.

nson he did say,
h take life away:
a careful mind,
r from the wind.

went he,
rid on gallantly;
they could trig,
us sing up a Jigg:

wn derry dee,
are true men three:
they could hye,
Lands-end draweth nigh.

ntly by and by,
e a squeaking cry:
on in hand,
did him stand.

i no better be,
e I killed be:
not idle,
hold on my Bridle.

be I,
'de rather dye:
re bound to pay,
pe with life away.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

What is it so, said Johnson, Fight Men, and be free,
And stand but at my back, keep the back-blows from me:
Stand fast, fight men, fight men and be free,
And by the help of God we shall win the Victory.

Five of these Thieves and the Woman they did go
To Kitson and to Wilson, and bound them fast in woe:
As these ten Thieves play'd before him, & play'd upon the ground,
For Johnson had five Pistols with Bullets charged sound.

With Bullets charged sound, presently he let flye,
Till five of these Thieves upon the ground did lye:
Put up, said the other five, put up without delay,
For if that he gets charged, he will kill us all this day.

Fight on, said the Woman, fight on I say to ye,
For if you five don't kill him, I vow your Priest to be:
So Johnson he whipt out his Sword with all his might and main,
And play'd about him gallantly till three more of them were slain.

Put up, said the other two, put up without delay,
For if that he continue fight he'l kill us all this day:
Fight on, said the Woman, fight on I say to ye,
For if you two don't kill him, I vow your Priest to be.

As these two Thieves play'd before him, alas he did not mind,
For presently the woman knockt him down behind:
Oh wretched Woman, wickedly hast thou done,
Thou hast kill'd the bravest Butcher that ever England won.

For had but my fellows, had they prov'd true to me;
They were cowards, sold the [illegible]
Nine of these Thieves and the Woman they hings
To Kitson and to Wilson, where they lay bound as fast:

A Club into her hand, as she got all the gain,
unto Kitson and to Wilson, and [illegible]
now this murder may answered, [illegible]
It was by a silly Shepherd hid in the [illegible]
A Gentleman and his man as they came riding by,
Seeing this woful murder, straight [illegible]

fly, but do what e're they could, when they could not be,
For they got Ship at Yarmouth, and [illegible]
This is the trick of Thieves when they have [illegible]
When they have committed Roguery, [illegible]

God bless our royal King and Queen, and [illegible]
In health, wealth, and prosperity, true Justice to [illegible]
God bless all true men that travel by Land or Sea,
And keep all true men out of Thieves Company.

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, in [illegible]

[illegible] MUSEUM

The three VVorthy Butchers of the N

I weep, I wail, and Travel much in pain,
Now all my youthful days are paſt, they'l never come again:
Once I was a Man, but now alas am no
For all my Companions are from me

To a pleaſant New Tune.



Did you never hear of worthy Butchers three:
That lov'd their Gold their boys in mirth and jollity:
There was Kitson, Wilson, and Johnson, mark me what I say,
They rod three hundred pounds worth of Goods upon a day.

When as the day of payment began for to draw near,
Their money for their Creditors intended for to bear;
And riding through Blankly-Lane as fast as they could trig,
Be merry my hearts, said Johnson, let us sing up a jigg:

With a hey down, down, with a down derry dee,
Only thefts all true men out of Thieves Company.
With riding through Blankly-Lane as fast as they could hie,
Be merry my hearts, said Johnson, I hear a Woman cry.

O help, help, help, O help, or else I dye,
Good Gentlemen have pitty on Christians, for my torments they draw nigh;
O help, O help, said Johnson, I hear a Woman cry,
Sure I came of a Gentleman, and shall I see her dye?

Don't think of that, quoth Johnson, quoth Kitson he did say,
For there is three hundred pounds will fall us all away:
If we should help you in this way as oft as we have done,
We should have hearts ropes ere long before, and now let us be gone.

Then Johnson whipt into the Wood with all m
Whereas he found the woman with Cords fa
With Cords fast ty'd in twain, and hand and f
And found her there stark naked, with her hai

Alas, said Johnson, what man hath us'd thee
He came not of a Woman that would work a
Hast thou no lewd company? now Johnson he
For here we are come to save thy life, thou m

No I have no lewd Company, the woman she
Three Ruffians came riding by, and rob'd me
They took my Cloths from me, and hand and f
And left me here in woful sort, with my hair

So Johnson he whipt out his sword with all hi
And presently the womans cords, Johnson he
A Shirt out of his Cloak-bag presently pluck
And put it on the woman to cover her secresse.

I have neither Wife nor Children, Johnson he
And thou shalt be Lady of all till death take
Johnson being a loving man, and bore a careful
He put his Cloak about her to keep her from

Straight upon Horse-back presently went he,
And they rid all out of the Wood, and rid on ga
Riding then up Blankly-Lane as fast as they co
Be merry my hearts, said Johnson, let us sing

With a hey down, down, with a hey down derry
What if here were ten Thieves so we are true
Riding then up Blankly-Lane as fast as they cou
Be merry my hearts, said Johnson, the Lands-

The Woman hearing him say so, presently by
She put her finger to her ear, and gave a squ
Ten Thieves then with Weapons drawn in ha
They kept before Johnson, and quickly did him

What is it so? said Johnson, since 'twill no bett
I vow that some of you shall dye before I kille
Stand fast, fight men, see that you be not idle,
For I vow his hand shall off that lays hold on

Alas, said Kitson, to fight no heart have I,
No more have I said Wilson, in faith i'de rathe
Here is three hundred pound that we are bound
And you shall have it all, and let's 'scape with li

The Maid.

GOod Sir, I thank you for your love,
Of your discourse I don't approve;
For many now-a days I see,
Do bring themselves to Poverty,
By Marrying whilst they are so young,
But i'le not do my self such wrong:
Therefore forbear, thy suit's in vain,
I will not Marry I tell thee plain.

You say you have threescore pound a year
What if thou hast I do not care,
I knew those that had three times more,
And spent it all upon a Whore:
And so may thou for ought I know,
For all you make so fair a show:
Then be content, and do not prate,
For fear that I should break thy pate.

The Young-Man.

The Young-man standing in amaze,
And on the Maid did strangely gaze;
At last he made her this reply,
And unto her these words did say:
What ails thee for to be so crois,
Introth I like thee worse and worse:
Of all the Maids that e're I see,
I never heard the like of thee.

Sweet-heart believe me, or else chuse,
I'de have thee know I am none of those,
That spend my means upon a Whore,
Or run upon the Ale-wives score:
No, I will better be advis'd,
It's good to be merry and wise:
For friends I see are very scant,
If that a Man do come to want.

Maid.

My friend, quoth she, what you have said,
Is not half true, I am afraid;
I cannot think you're so precise,
One may see plainly by your eyes:
Your Hair is of the Colour right,
To couzen Maids is your delight:
But thou shalt ne'r prove false to me,
Or I will ne'r prove true to thee.

Therefore forbear my company,
And henceforth come not me nigh;
For I am not resolv'd to Wed,
Nor yet to lose my Maiden-head:
A single life is void of care,
For marry'd Wives must pinch and spare
Their charge for to maintain I see,
Therefore a single life for me.

The Man.

Seeing thou provest so unkind,
I am resolv'd to change my mind:
A hundred pound I have in store,
And threescore pound a Year and more:
If I can find an honest Girl,
I'le prize her more then Gold or Pearl,
And she shall live a Ladies life,
After she's made my wedded wife.

And so farewel thou scornful Dame,
In time thou may'st repent the same,
That thou to me didst prove untrue,
In time thou mayst have cause to rue:
Before that I will Marry thee,
I will be hang'd upon a Tree:
Rather I will give my wealth and store
To one that begs from door to door.

Maid.

Farewel, be gone, thou finicy Jack,
With thy wealth and money pulpee pack,
My Portion is an hundred pounds,
In Silver and good Gold so round:
Besides my Mother she is very,
I shall have all when she dies well,
Then what need I care for thy wealth,
Even as thou said'st, go hang thy self.

For I am resolved as I began,
To end and so conclude my Song,
A single Life I hold it best,
And thereon still my mind is prest.
For Marriage brings sorrow and care,
So in it I'le not have a share:
Since Young-men are so fickle grown,
I am resolv'd to hold my own.

So Maids of you I'le take my leave,
Let no false young-man you deceive;
For many they are hard to trust,
Scarce one in twenty proveth just:
For my own part will advise,
All Maids henceforth for to be wise;
And have a care who you do wed,
For fear you lying a knave to bed.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,* and *T. Passinger.*

The Young-Mans Labour loſt.

He with a fair Maid was in love,
But ſhe to him unkind did prove:
As by this Ditty you ſhall hear,
If Young men they will but draw near;
And Maidens too it doth adviſe,
To learn henceforth for to be wiſe.

To the Tune of, *The Feering Young-Man.*





AS I paſt by a Green-Wood ſide,
A pritty Couple I eſpy'd,
A Young-man and a dainty Laſs,
But mark what after came to paſs:
Yet thought her humours for to fit,
But yet ſhe was too ripe a wit;
She would not yield to his deſire,
As by this Story you ſhall hear.

To Complement he did begin,
The Maids affection for to win,
With ſpeeches fair he did intreat,
And often ſaid his heart would break;

Quoth he, I am my Fathers heir,
And have Threeſcore Pound a Year,
I will maintain you gallantly,
If thou wilt yield my Bride to be.

Therefore I pray you be not coy,
For thou ſhalt be my only joy;
If thou deny'ſt thou wilt break my heart,
For did'ſt thou know the deadly ſmart
Which I ſuſtain both day and night
For thee which art my hearts delight;
Therefore my deareſt pitty me,
Or I ſhall dye for love of thee.

BRITISH MUSEUM



My grandfir strivd & wivd & thrivd
till he did Riches gather,
And when he had much wealth atchiev'd,
O than he got my Father:
O happy memory cry I,
that e're his Mother bore him,
I had not been worth a penny,
Had I been born before him.

To Free-school Cambridge, & Grays-Inn
my Grey-coat Grandfir put him,
Till to forget (he did begin)
th' Leathern Breech that got him:
One dealt in Straw, 'tother in Law,
the one did Ditch and Delve it,
My Father store of Sattin wore,
My Grandfir Beggers Velvet,

So get I wealth, what care I if
my Grandfir were a Sawyer,
My Father prov'd to be a chief,
subtle and Learned Lawyer,
By Cooks Reports and tricks in Court,
he did with Treasure store me,
That I may say, Heavens bless the day,
My Father was born before me.

Some say of late, a Merchant that
had gotten store of Riches:
In's Drinking-room hung up his Hat,
his staff and Leathern Breeches,
His stockings garter'd up with straws,
e're Providence did store him,
His Son was Sheriff of London cause,
His father was born before him.

So many blades that rant in silk,
and put on Scarlet clothing,
At first did [illegible]
[illegible]

Old Adam, and our Grandam Eve,
by digging and by spining,
Did to all Kings and Princes give
Their Radical beginning.

My Father to get me estate,
though selfish yet was lavish,
I'le spend it at another rate,
and be as lewdly lavish:
From Mad-men, Fools, & knaves he did
litigiously receive [illegible]
If so he did Justice forbid,
But I to such should leave it.

At Play-houses, and Tennis Court,
I'le prove a noble Fellow,
I'le Court my Mates to the sport,
of Diabe Punchinello:
I'le Dice and Whip, and Drink and Stab,
no Bector shall out-roar me,
If Teachers tell me tales at Hall,
My Father is gone before me.

Our age) Counsellors would have
us live by Rule and Reason,
'Cause th'y are matchless for the Chair,
and pleasures out of season,
I'le learn to Dance the Mode of France,
that Ladies may adore me,
My thrifty Dad no pleasure had,
Though he was born before me.

I'le to the Court where Venus sport,
both Revel it in plenty,
I'le deal with all, both great and small,
from twelve to five and twelve,
In Play-houses I'le [illegible]
for they [illegible]
[illegible]
have [illegible]

[illegible]MOTION.

OR

My Father was Born before me.

To a Pleaſant New Tune.

BRITISH MUSEUM





45. 6. 28. 172.

I am a luſtylibely Lad,
now come to one and twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
both Gold and Silver plenty.
Now he's in Grave, I will be brave,
the Ladies ſhall adore me,
I'le court and kiſs, what hurt's in this,
My Dad did ſo before me.

My Father was a thrifty Sir,
till Soul and body ſundred,
Some ſay he was a Usurer,
for thirty in the hundred;
He ſcrept, & ſcrap'd, he pinch't & pat'h'd
that in her belly baze me;
But I'le let flye, a good caute why,
My Father was bo bbefore me.

My Daddy had his Duty done,
in getting ſo much treaſure,
I'le be as dutiful a Son,
for ſpending it in pleaſure:
Five pounds a quart, ſhall chear my heart
ſuch Nature will reſtore me,
When Ladies call, I'le have at all,
My Father was born before me.

My Grandam lib'd at Waſhington,
my Grandſir delv'd in Ditches,
The Son of old John Thraſhington,
whoſe lanthorn leathern Breeches,
Cry'd, whither go ye, whither go ye,
though men do now adore me,
They ne'r did let my Pedigree,
Nor who was born before me.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.



Ah! Jockey, ſince thou behind thée haſt left me,
and death of all joys & all comforts bereft me,
Thy Deſtiny I will lament very nickle (trickle
and down my pale cheeks ſalt tears they ſhall
To eaſe me of trouble each bubble ſhall double,
to think of my Jockey ſo Loyal and Noble,
Ile grieve to think that thoſe eyes are benighted
wherein mournful Jenny ſo much once delighted

That blow, oh! Sawny, was baſe and unlucky,
that robbed poor Jenny of her deareſt Jockey,
A bonny boon Youth 'twas known he was ever,
to pleaſe his poor Jenny was ſtill his endeavour
But 'twas fortune uncertain, our parting
procured & cauſed this heart-breaking ſmarting:
But whileſt I do live, 'tis reſolved by Jenny
for Jockey's dear ſake ne'r to lig with any.

Thus Jenny for Jockey lay ſighing & weeping,
oft wringing her hands while others was ſleep-
But Sawny to ſee her thus ſtrangly diſtreſſed ing
for the loſs of her love, his heart was oppreſſed,
Thou this deluder view'd her, and ſued her,
'twas all but in vain, for ſhe call'd him intruder
And ſaid if you dye for my love I will mock ye,
for you were the cauſe of the death of my Jocky

That bonny brave Scot hath left none behind him
that like to himſelf was deſerving of minding,
his Fathers delight, and the joy of his Mother,
& Scotland before never bred ſuch another:

When I think on his beauty let duty conſtreyn,
Death never before had ſuch a great boa-,
For all that do know him do ſigh and bewaile him
but Dreams of Tears now ſa little avail him

Ah! Jockey there's none that are left to inhe-
the tyth of thy vertues, thou wonderful pie-
But whilſt I do live thou ſhalt ne'r be forgot-
Ile ſing out thy praiſe when thy carkaſs is r-
For thou wert the fareſt, rareſt and deareſt
& now thou art dead like a Saint thou appear-
I'll put on thy Tomb-ſtone theſe Verſes inſcri-
Here lies lapleſs Jockey who was ſo true hear-

And when this thy Grave ſhall ſafely be writ-
there's none ſhall read but with grief it all
& ſay 'twas pity that one ſo true-hearted (Gen-
ſhould by cruel death from his Jenny be p-
And thus I will weeping, creeping, and
look into thy Grave where thou doſt lie ſleeping
Till ſighing my ſelf I have brought to my end
to ſhow that poor Jenny to Jockeys true friend

Printed for J. Wright, J. Cl-
W. Thackery, & T. P-

Unfortunate JOCKEY,

And mournful *JENNY*.

Jockey was by Sawny ſlain,
Which troubled Jenny ſore,
In ſorrow now ſhe doth remain,
And vows to love no more.
To an excellent new play-houſe Tune.





45 l. 28. 1674

THe bonny Lads were Sawny and Jockey,
Sawny was rude, but Jockey unlucky,
Sawny was tall, well-favour'd, and witty.
But Ile in my heart thought Jocky more pretty
For when he ſued me, woo'd me, and bleſs'd me.
Sawny was one ſo like to undoe me.
I cryed, and almoſt died,
leſt Jockey ſhould gang & come no more to me.

Jockey would love, but he would not marry,
and Ile had a dread that Ile ſhould miſcarry,
His cunning Tongue with wit was ſo guilded,
that I was afraid my heart would have yelded
When he preſs'd me, kiſs'd me, & bleſs'd me,
but when the hour me thought it when he miſt me,
Crying, denying, and ſighing I woo'd him,
and trouble alſo I had to get from him.

But cruel fate rob'd me of my Jewel,
for Sawny would make him fight in a duell,
And down in a Dale with Cypreſs ſurrounded,
oh there is his death for Jockey was wounded.
But when he th.ll'd him, fell'd him, & kill'd him
who could expreſs my grief that beheld him,
Raging I tore my hair for to bind him,
and bow'd and ſwore ne'r to ſtay behind him.

I ſigh'd and ſob'd untill I was weary,
to think my Jockey ſhould ſo miſcarry,
And never was any in ſuch a ſad taking
as I hapleſs Jenny, whoſe heart is ſtill aking,
To think how I croſt him, toſt him, and loſt him
too late it was to coyn words to accoſt him,
Alone then I ſate lamenting and crying,
ſtill wiſhing each minute that I were a dying.

The second part, to the same Tune.

Alas now I find he's like Olivers Breed,
For he was far better to Hang then to Feed:
The Fool askt for Money and knew not for what,
And cheated the Maid of a new Lac'd *Cravat*.

And thus you may see you Wanton young Maids,
How young men Dissemble, and Lasses Invades:
You sneak like a Mouse that's afraid of a Cat,
And let Cheating *Sawyers* to wear your *Cravat*.

But now for the future be sure you be Wise,
And let not false Young-men of you make a prize:
Ne'r any thing give, except you know for what,
Nor promise to make them a new Lac'd *Cravat*.

For many to Maidens most largely pretends,
And nothing do aim at but just their own ends:
They'l promise you largely, and say this and that,
But still they conclude with a new Lac'd *Cravat*.

How many poor Maidens such Young-men deceive,
And afterwards slight them, which makes them to grieve
They'l get up their Bellys, and such things as that,
And then they'l march off with their new Lac'd *Cravat*.

And when these poor Damosels that thus are beguil'd,
Have lost their great Belly's, and brought forth a Child:
To work then again they must go for the Brat,
If a Boy 'tmust be dress't in a bonny *Cravat*.

Then take my advice and be ruled by me,
All you pretty Maidens where ever you be:
Let no man prevail for a bit for his Cat,
Lest he marches off with your new Lac'd *Cravat*.

It grieves us poor Females when men prove unkind,
And miss of the thing which they thought for to find:
Their hearts are cast down, and their Spirits are flat,
To lose a Sweet-heart and a new Lac'd *Cravat*.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the Sign of the *Rainbow*, near *Davids-Inn* in *Holborn*.

VVavering NAT and kind SUSAN.

Nat it is unkind, quoth *Suſan*,
That ſo ſtrangely you do uſe one;
You did kindneſs once pretend,
{}
And then I thought you were my Friend:
But now too late I plainly find,
You have had your will and prove unkind.

To the Tune of, The Proteſtants Propheſie.





COme all you brave Sawyers and liſten a while,
I'le tell you a Story will make you to ſmile;
Of a luſty young Fellow whoſe name is call'd Nat,
Who Woo'd bonny *Suſan* for a new Lac'd *Cravat*.

Come Round-headed Sawyers I find you are Wiſe
And deceive pretty Maids like Satan diſguis'd;
You flatter the Damoſels for this and for that,
And all you deſire is a new Lac'd *Cravat*.

But hold my dear Nat, if I ſhould make
And you would not have me, my labour i
I'de make it ſo neatly if I knew but that
That you ſhould be proud of your new Lac'

But now Suſan ſighs, he has got the Crava
And makes her his Goſſip, ſhe is troubled
He left the poor Girl in a fretting Eſtate,
Whilſt he like a Cheater did wear the *Cra*





BUt Oh unlucky fate,
ah Curse upon Ambition:
The busie Fops of State,
have ruin'd his condition:
For glittering hope he left his shade,
his glorious hours are gone:
By flattering Fools and Knaves betray'd,
poor Jemmy is undone.

Then Jemmy none more kind,
and courteous had been ever:
Thinking the like to find,
but he as yet did never:
For the false Swains that led him forth
to expectations high:
Design'd but to Eclipse his worth,
have Jemmy to out-vye.

But Jemmy saw not this,
when in the Groves delighting,
Nor thought to tread amiss,
at such a fair inviting:
But Jemmy was mistaken there,
for he was led astray;
Whilst each kind Swain and Nymph so fair,
for Jemmy sigh'd all day.

For Jemmy's loss the streams
ran hoarse, as if with mourning;
The birds forgat their Learns
and Flowers so late adorning.
The pleasant Plains hung down their heads
as bearing part o'ch grief;

And wishing he had longer staid,
but Jemmy'd no belief.

For Jemmy's strutting veins,
with youthful blood were flowing,
Which made him raise his strains,
to his almost undoing.
Though each kind Villager did pray
he would again return:
And tread still in the pleasant Way,
but Jemmy it did scorn.

For Jemmy in fierce Arms,
more then his Crook delighting:
Dispis'd the Wood-Nymphs charms,
that were so much inviting.
And dreams of digging Gold from deep,
storming each Fort and Town;
Ambition still watch'd his sleep,
whilst Jemmy sought renown.

But Jemmy now may see,
that he was led to ruin,
By such as glad would be
of his utter undoing.
Yet that his Wandring he'd retrieve,
the wish is of the Swains:
And in Arcadia happy live,
where his great Father reigns.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Brooksby, at the Golden-ball in West-smithfield.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Young Jemmy,

OR,

The Princely Shepherd.

Being a moſt pleaſant and Delightful New Song.

In bleſt Arcadia, *where each Shepherd feeds*
His numerous Flocks, and tunes on ſlender Reeds;
His ſong of Love, while the fair nymphs trip round,
The chief amongſt 'um was young Jemmy *found:*
For he with glances could enſlave each heart,
But fond Ambition made him to depart
The Fields to Court, led on by ſuch as ſought
To blaſt his Vertues which much ſorrow brought

To a pleaſant New Play-houſe Tune. Or, In Ianuary laſt, Or, The Gowlin.





YOung Jemmy was a Lad,
of Royal birth and Breeding:
With every Beauty clad,
and every Swain exceeding.
A face and ſhape ſo wonderous fine,
ſo charming every part:
That every Laſs upon the Green,
for Jemmy had a heart.

In Jemmy's powerfull Eyes
young Gods of Love are playing,
And on his face there lies
a thouſand ſmiles betraying:

But O he dances with a grace,
none like him e're was ſeen:
No God that ever fancied was,
had ſo divine a meen.

To Jemmy every Swain
did lowly deſt his Bonnet:
And every Laſs did ſtrain,
to praiſe him in her Sonnet:
The pride of all the Youths he was,
the Glory of the Groves:
The pleaſure of each tender Laſs,
and theme of all their Loves.